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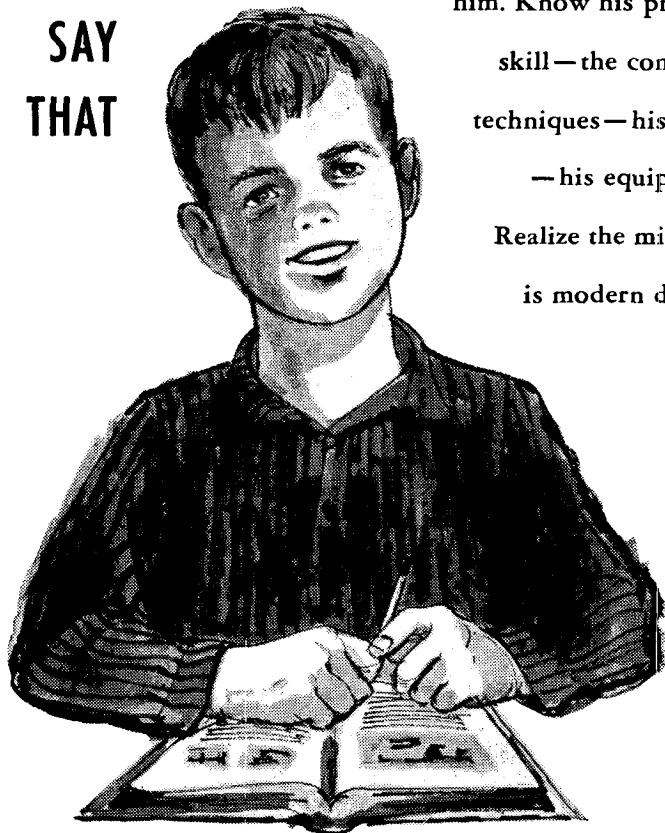
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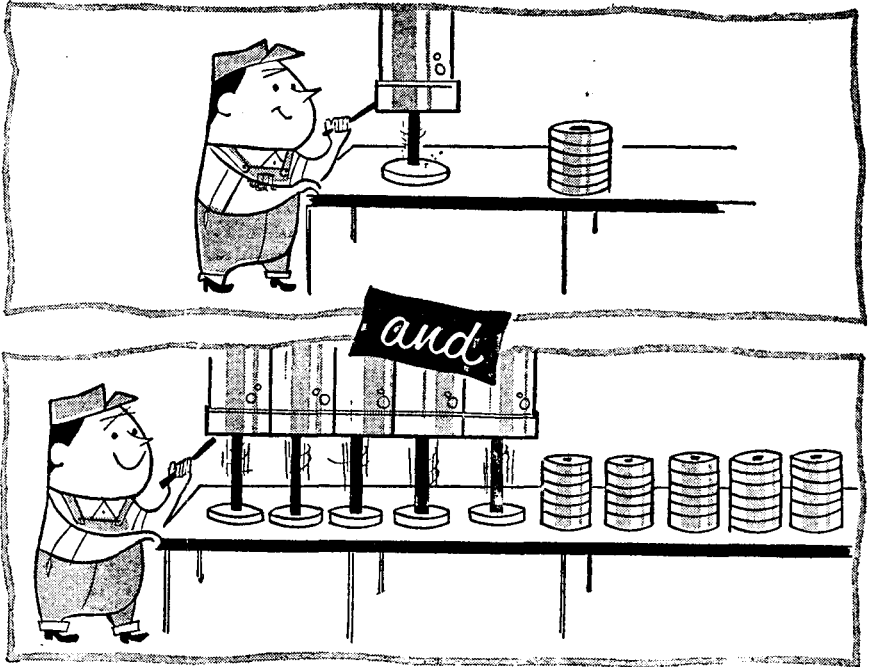
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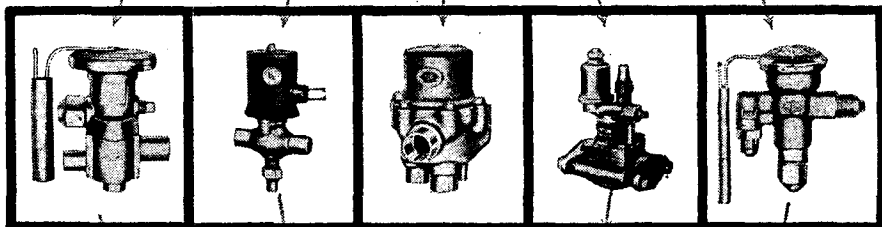
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OUR GOLD IS BEING STOLEN!

The AMERICAN MERCURY's value to patriotic readers is proven again. Vigilant citizens who generally cannot obtain uncensored facts from other publications found the following information seventeen months ago in our May 1956 issue.

From page 122 we quote: "The Conspirators were too clever to urge the United States to give \$13.8 billions of gold to their international banker friends. So they got us to give their favored countries the money which they then deposited in our banks. Now they can convert the surplus money we give them into our gold. That would leave us with the insufficient amount of only \$8 billions of gold — out of over 28 billions that we formerly owned."

It took us over a year but, with the help of Senators Byrd and Malone, of the Committee on Finance of the Senate for the "Investigation of the Financial Condition of the United States," the record now discloses the following:

We have only \$22,406 billions in gold stored in various federal depositories — against which foreign governments, institutions and individuals have accumulated \$16,246 billions of U. S. dollars or dollar credits — for which, under present law, the foreigners can demand payment from Fort Knox in gold, rather than paper, any moment they may want to cripple us financially. That leaves us, legally — in spite of Washington double-talk — with a mere \$6,160 billions of gold in our Treasury. Based on the dollar amount of paper money now in circulation, through the Federal Reserve banking system, we are by law supposed to have a minimum of \$11,761 billions in gold securely held in our Treasury.

We are giving away our tax dollars all over the world and the recipients are sending the dollars back to New York, or establishing dollar credits in Federal Reserve Banks — for the purpose of sapping our vital gold reserves.

Next month, we will publish the entire record of this liability with its uncensored facts. Read the astounding details and you will discover — from our authoritative and documented research — how truly bare our treasury is.

Watch for the November issue of the AMERICAN MERCURY.



A M E R I C A N MERCURY

OCTOBER 1957

VOLUME LXXXV NO. 405

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Published monthly by the American Mercury Magazine, Inc. at 35 cents a copy. Annual subscription \$4.00 in U. S. and possessions; \$4.50 in Canada; \$5.00 in all other countries. Publication office, 10 Ferry St., Concord, N. H. Editorial and General Offices, 250 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Printed in the U.S.A. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., September 29, 1936, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1957 by American Mercury Magazine, Inc. All rights reserved. Protected under International Copyright Convention and the Pan American Copyright Convention. No articles may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission. Not responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts.

Attacks on Our Constitution.....*Dan Daniel* 9
The Marvelous Merry-Go-Round..*Mona Lourie* 16
Uncle Sam's Eagle.....*Lucy Embury* 17
Silicones in Your Life.....*O. A. Battista* 19
Get the Supreme Court Out of Politics

Paulsen Spence 23
Walter Knott's Berry Farm and Ghost Town
Robert O'Brien 29
Life of a Lobsterman.....*Frances Tucker* 34
The All-Mighty Agency.....*David Shea Teeple* 39
"Mark American" Shaughnessy

Edward Newman 43
Gone Is the GAR.....*Willard A. Heaps* 48
Do You Want to Build a House?

Alice MacMillan DeRossitt 56
More Yankee Trade — Less Foreign Aid
Eugene W. Castle 61

Diesel and His Engine.....*M. R. Kappmeyer* 68
To All New Citizens.....*Clyde S. Shumaker* 73
The Pay for Doctor Paul.....*Allen Rankin* 77
In the MERCURY's Opinion.....*Russell Maguire* 79
What You Can't Buy Today...*Hollis F. Danvers* 81
Communists Are Using Our Churches

Anonymous 87
Where is Columbus Now?..*George J. Barmann* 92
What Every School Needs..*Maurine Halliburton* 95

The American Ideal.....*J. Edgar Hoover* 99
"Emergency Hospital, Please!"..*George A. Posner* 104
Why the Rich Become Reds..*Harold Lord Varney* 111

Song of the Steam Whistle....*F. Wallace Patch* 118
The Real Purpose of Our Constitution
Edgar F. Smith 119

What Can Conservatives Do?.....*Politicus* 124
Tear Along the Dotted Line
George A. Osborough 127

Confessions of a Choirmaster.....*John Norman* 129
Stone Age Irrigation.....*Nell Murbarger* 133
Beyond Sight: The Blind Miner..*James E. Hanson* 135

A Christian Ambassador Surveys the
Divided World.....*Billy James Hargis* 141
The Age of Manipulation.....*Cedric Larson* 146

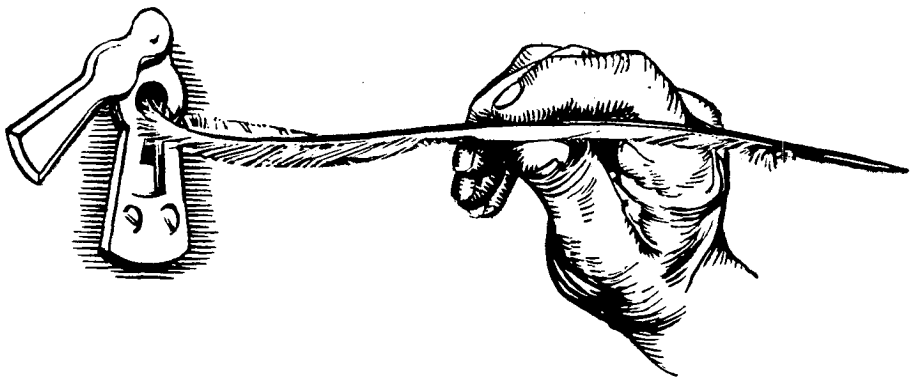
This Is What They Said • 54 *Do You Know • 90*

The Book Shelf • 146

The College Forum • 151

The Open Forum • 155

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You Need The Right Tools

You can't unlock a door with a feather—you need a key.

You can't open somebody's mind with vague generalizations — you need facts.

One of the saddest commentaries on our national mentality is that subversive forces are far better equipped for ideological warfare than are the loyal and patriotic Americans. Since the Communists in this country are fighting a war of words, we must equip ourselves with facts.

The Communists are *forced* to learn the theory, the aims and the history of Communism. Americans, however, in order to combat these subversive elements must arm themselves.

The AMERICAN MERCURY, long regarded as an authoritative source of information can provide you with factual data in reprint form on almost every aspect of our national life and foreign politics.

Next time you engage in a discussion, be equipped. Don't try to open a door without a key, send for your reprints now.

Please see partial listing of reprints on the back cover of this issue

33RD YEAR

A M E R I C A N

MERCURY

OCTOBER 1957



ATTACKS on the CONSTITUTION

by Dan Daniel

National Commander of the American Legion

THE CONSTITUTION OF THE United States was planned not just for the period in which it was drafted, but for all time. Delegates to the Constitutional Convention therefore made it flexible to cover all foreseeable eventualities.

"In framing a system which we wish to last for ages," said Madison, "we should not lose sight of changes which age will produce."

Over the years our Constitution has been amended in accordance with provisions written into the Constitution itself, but few people realize how many attempts have been made to change the Constitution's words and guarantees. When you next visit the Nation's Capital,

a few hours spent in the National Archives Building will prove enlightening on this score. There you will find preserved 4,250 proposed constitutional amendments—a vast majority of which were not in our best interest—which men have tried to force on us, and which past Congresses had to study, warn against, and defeat.

Here you will find the Constitution's enemies we escaped, sometimes by a frighteningly close margin. Each of our Congresses has had to consider between 40 and 80 constitutional changes, and it has been only through legislative vigilance and wisdom—and the alertness of citizens who sent Sena-

tors and Congressmen to Washington—that we have prevented ratification of ideas many groups wanted to effect, under which they could impose their peculiar ideologies on the rest of us.

THERE WAS, for instance, the insistent Washington argument that we had too many diverse States, that we would prosper better as a nation if States were abolished and the country divided into just four large territories. Unable to ride that through Congress the perpetrators came back, later, to another Congress, with a proposed amendment for giving the President authority to veto State laws. Failing to catch our ancestors off-guard, they came back again with a proposed amendment installing each President in federal power for life.

Reading of past efforts to change the Constitution, some proposed amendments sound as ridiculous, today, as others were dangerous. One proposed amendment would have changed the name of our nation to "The United States of the Earth." The men behind that scheme returned with another proposal for name-changing: "The United States of the World." Then the men who didn't like our Constitutional name tried again: We should renamed ourselves "America."

We are not today, nor have we ever been, united states of the earth,

or of the world; nor are we America. We are a sovereign part of the vast America that stretches from the Arctic to the Antarctic; our distinction is that we are the only *united* states of a republic in the hemisphere—The United States of America. The thought comes quickly to some of us, as we study these old defeated proposals, that our more recent Congressional sentinels failed us, as appraisers of deceptive semantics, when they ratified us into a 20th Century "United Nations" which never were and never will be *united*.

Let's look at a few other proposed changes, while we are on the subject: Some among us tried to get Constitutional amendments through our Congresses which would have prohibited ministers of the Gospel from holding public office; prohibited divorce; taken citizenship away from any man or woman who accepted any honor, present or "emolument of any kind" from a foreign government; legalized the election of naturalized aliens as future Presidents; taxed all exports; substituted a federal law for our state laws regulating marriages; prohibited citizens from marrying aliens; taxed incomes derived from state tax-free securities; authorized the federal government to conscript private property in emergencies or wartime without compensation to the owners.

There have been more attempts

to break down the Constitution's limitations on Presidential powers than any other subject. Over 450 amendments have been proposed for changing our process of electing a President and for increasing a President's authorities while in office. Wisdom and alertness won all these battles. *We The People*, to make our national opinion legal, initiated and ratified our own Amendment, limiting each President to two terms. There are men in Washington, today, hard at work trying to propagandize us into rescinding that wisdom by accepting a new amendment extending again the right of Presidential White House occupancy.

Our two methods of expressing the purpose of the people by amendment of the Constitution are set forth in Article V. If two-thirds of the members of both houses of Congress think an amendment necessary, Congress can take the initiative *and propose the Amendment*. If the legislatures of two-thirds of our States think it necessary, and request it, Congress *must* call a Convention for the purpose *of proposing the Amendment*. In either case, there must be ratification of any amendment *so proposed* by vote of three-fourths of the States, either through the legislature of the State or through a State Convention convened for that purpose. Therein *We The People* have a double check and final vote.

Of the Amendments we have al-

lowed, the first ten, known as our Bill of Rights, were proposed in the first Congress, September, 1789. By December 15, 1791, eleven of the original states ratified them. Since then we have concurred in the need for only 12 new Amendments. One of them, the 21st, was a second-look, better informed decision to wipe out a previously allowed Amendment, the 18th, by which we handed over to the federal government the power to prohibit the manufacture, transportation and sale of alcoholic liquors in any of our states. We regained that power from the federal bureaucracy and returned it to the states. *We The People* have approved an average of only one Amendment in each 17½ years.

OUR MOST recent change, limiting Presidents to two 4-year terms (and Vice Presidents who serve more than two years to only one 4-year elected term) came out of complex experience which if continued could have very well led to totalitarian statism.

On February 25, 1913, by Amendment Number XVI, we gave the Federal Government the greatest source of its power and control over our lives. Upon that Amendment rests the power of the Federal Government "to lay and collect taxes on incomes from whatever source derived." The result has been the graduated tax upon incomes, under which a mush-

rooming federal bureaucracy flourishes and is confiscating more and more of our pay checks, old age investment dividends and the capital to continue the growth and job opportunities of our free enterprise economy. The section of the Constitution which we permitted to be amended provided that Congress could not levy unequal taxes upon us as individual citizens. The Amendment was adopted when we were approaching World War I and under representations to the people that the tax levy would be only a nominal 1% or 2%. *We The People* must, in our suffering, "trim the locks" of this Giant and at least find some way to limit the vast power inherent in this Amendment of our fundamental law.

EXPERIENCE has brought many of us also to the fact that, without legally amending the Constitution, crafty men have found an easier way, they think, to subvert our Constitutional rights and laws: by slipping through the Senate a ratification of some "treaty" with a foreign government, or United Nations involvement, which, without our realizing it, will supersede our own federal and state laws. We have seen that deft men, knowing the impossibility of getting their schemes of regimentation accepted by us through public Constitutional Amendments, have—more than once—made them "Constitutional" (in spite of our courts) by insert-

ing slick paragraphs and phrases into some treaty signed by a President and ratified quickly by a mere two-thirds vote of Senators present. *We The People*, caught off guard by this device of "treaty law," have been for five years drafting, and redrafting, a new amendment which will, in the future, prevent the words of any treaty from nullifying the laws of our states, or of the Congress. A clarifying and concise amendment to prevent the encroachment of our rights by treaty law is imperative.

Most of the Amendments that have obtained our consent have succeeded only after mounting national insistence and several unsuccessful starts, and have often been initiated by alert citizens rather than by the selfish brand of politicians. Beginning with only scattered support, secured by citizen-to-citizen mail, and then gathering strength as *We The People* became better informed they have been adopted.

The test *We The People* should apply to any proposed amendment is: Does it preserve and add to the personal and community rights our citizens already enjoy? Or does it whittle away rights we have legally inherited? Does it preserve and fortify our sovereignty as a state or republic? Or does it subject us to domination by or involvement in internationalistic mirages?

The only reason for us to ratify a new Amendment is a necessity

for affirming new powers for the people of the United States. History gives us two examples of fraudulently devised "Constitutions" which seemed to grant all sorts of rights and liberties to citizens, yet allowed dictatorships to enslave them and involve them in international catastrophes from which they will never recover. These are the "Constitution" of Nazi Socialist Germany under which Hitler regimented the German people, and the "Constitution" of the Soviet regime under which Stalin and his successors have filled Russia's slave labor camps and liquidation prisons with Russians.

Into each of these paper documents there was inserted a short paragraph which stated that all the liberties and securities granted in preceding paragraphs were to be enjoyed by citizens "according to law." The paragraph omitted saying that the liberties and securities listed would come to the people according to laws *issued by Hitler and Stalin*. Neither the Nazi nor Soviet "Constitution" contained any brakes on laws decreed daily by a dictator. The Germans and Russians awakened to this deception when it was too late, when they discovered that each liberty or security itemized in their "Constitutions" was taken away from them by a tricky little phrase they had failed to analyze: "according to dictated law."

The Senators and Congressmen

we elect, and the Supreme Court Justices affirmed by the Senate after public hearings, are responsible for preventing any such trickery from ensnaring us. Nor can we be complacent. For instance, we must be alert to the fact that it may be easier for the enemies of our Constitution to subvert nine Supreme Court Justices than 96 Senators and 435 Congressmen. We have had Presidents who tried to usurp the Constitutional authorities of our Congress and there is disturbing evidence that we may have Supreme Court Justices who will try not to interpret the Constitutionality of Congressional laws but to make laws or "decrees" for us. A subverted Supreme Court will be more dangerous to us than an infiltrated Congress.

UP TO NOW there have been fewer amendments aimed at curtailment of the powers of the Supreme Court, supposed guardian and interpreter of the Constitution, than at the two other balanced branches of the federal government—the legislative, which makes our laws, and the executive, which carries them out. From 1789 to 1933 *We The People* concurred in Supreme Court decisions which ruled unconstitutional 64 laws and 84 parts of laws passed by Congresses. The first act of a Congress which was ruled illegal was an act, in 1789, that would have greatly increased the powers of the Court itself;

Chief Justice Marshall and six scholarly Justices unanimously agreed that Supreme Court power should not be increased.

More acts of the 73rd Congress—1933-35—were found un-Constitutional by the Supreme Court than of any other previous or subsequent Congress. The 73rd Congress was labeled “Rubber Stamp Congress” because it passed all sorts of trick laws sent to it from a White House “brain trust.” Among these were the Agricultural Adjustment Act of 1933; the National Industrial Recovery Act of 1933; the Gold Clause Repeal Resolution of 1933; the Bankruptcy Act of 1934; the Railroad Retirement Act of 1934; and the Guffey Coal Conservation Act of 1934. Only an alert Supreme Court saved us from the unusual and unwise actions of the 73rd Congress. There is growing concern that the Supreme Court will not remain the sentinel *We The People* can depend on. In the light of recent experience it is evident that the power of the Court must be curtailed by appropriate and immediate legislation. A subverted Supreme Court can make our wishes, as acted upon by our Congress, futile; liquidate the Constitutional authorities of our Congress to act as our alert Washington investigator; decree traitors and traitorous acts as “legal”; allow socialistic agents and acts to creep into every corner of our Republic—just by its month to month “decisions.”

There is a liability, as well as an asset, in the fact that a Supreme Court Justice holds office for life. If we allow the wrong kind of man to be nominated by a President and affirmed into this lifetime authority by a passive majority of the Senate present, we have only ourselves to blame. Our Constitution has given us the weapon for protecting our Republic and our communities from Supreme Court dictation.

MAKE CERTAIN, now in September, 1957, that your copy of the Constitution is always handy for reference. There can be no more worthwhile moments spent by our citizens than in the rereading, in family gatherings, Legion Posts, and community halls, of this unique document—so intellectually and patriotically astute that even England's great scholar and Prime Minister, William Gladstone, singled it out as “the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man.”

Beware of voices from Washington, or the men or women in your own community, who try to insult your intelligence by saying that our Constitution, while good enough for us as a small nation, is today “outmoded,” needs to be “modernized” and made more “progressive.” About the only thing our Constitution will ever need will be increased adamance against sub-

versive ideologies and confiscatory federal powers.

Beware of stooges who are not smart enough to realize what party line, or whom, they are stupidly following.

Beware of propaganda coming to you in the purported form of information, objective analyses or statistics. Figures don't lie but liars can figure.

This is not an easy task for Americans with a live-and-let-live credo. But these are times when enemies, domestic and foreign, force it on us.

We The People are men and women of very good will, handicapped at times by our native lack of suspicion of those who would destroy us, by our instinctive feeling of security and our desire for community tranquility, rather than controversy.

But we must remember that it is our Constitution, alone, that pro-

vides our security and tranquility.

There will never be more than a divisive minority among our millions who won't want to hand down opportunity and tranquility to our grandchildren. We must make certain that the votes, the voices and the writings of any such minority do not sound louder than ours—in Washington.

We have learned by experience to tuck a card near our phones in case we need policemen or firemen quickly.

We should keep the names and addresses of our Senators and Congressmen, and our State legislators, equally handy on our writing desks—so our votes, past and future, are not forgotten.

That is the answer to "What can I do?"

We The People, by intelligence and vigilance, can do whatever we *want* to do to preserve our Constitutional rights and liberties!

H-Bomb Propaganda

Horror propaganda has been used to make mankind's flesh creep at the thought of nuclear weapons. Some of the propagandists are, of course, genuine, though gravely mistaken, humanitarians who think that the worst thing that could happen would be an H-Bomb death. But behind the propaganda are there not policy-makers whose tactics are to drive us into acceptance of World Government? Every nation, with the significant exception of the Soviet Union, is drenched in Bomb-scare brain-washing. The Soviet Union, alone, is immune from such unnerving propaganda. The projected World Government will be a Communist Government.



THE MARVELOUS MERRY-GO-ROUND

by Mona Laurie

THE carousel horse is the oldest and still the most popular of all amusement park rides.

Originating in France in the 14th century, carved wooden hobby-horses nailed to a hand-propelled platform were the initial thorough-breds of the carousel, created exclusively for the sons of the aristocracy. They were charming facsimiles in miniature of live mounts ridden by noblemen in a game of the time—galloping down a track and lancing a series of silver rings hanging from a beam. The children, astride their hobby horses, manipulated small spears in imitation of their elders.

It was not long until itinerant fairs featured revolving horses—improbable beasts of strange shades, painted with flowers and vegetation. In varying forms they became known throughout the world, and, wherever they were known, they were loved. In 1880 the horses finally reached America.

The first carousel horse raced flat. By 1898 the roller coaster had so charmed the fickle public that harried merry-go-round owners greeted with joy Eliphant S. Scripture of New York state, who invented the “jumpers”—horses that move up and down on a pole—and succeeded in luring back the populace to the carousel.

Most of today's swankier carousel

horses are made in North Tonawanda, New York, home of the world's largest manufacturer of merry-go-rounds. The average horse is standard-bred, weather-resistant, approximately 148 hands, 150 pounds, and has a life span of forty years. He is a jumper, of cast aluminum, available in a wide variety of colors and in a limited variety of models. He is festooned with shining colored glass gems, out fitted with painted Western or English saddle, full leather bridle, chromium bit, stirrups and shoes—and costs \$200.00 plus tax.

Some carousels still run thorough-breds in the outer circle of horses, beautifully hand-carved and lovingly painted, but they are becoming as scarce as the artisans who fashion them.

At one time merry-go-rounds featured an assortment of horses, lions, tigers, pigs and giraffes—but the children always sought out the horses, particularly the dappled ones—so manufacturers returned to producing all-horse carousels with most of the horses dappled.

The famous Central Park carousel, a restored antique, was hand-carved of applewood in the Victorian period in Switzerland. It stables 57 European jumpers, out fitted with gold mail, tassels and plumes.



UNCLE SAM'S EAGLE

by
Lucy Embury

mountain and sea, always beyond an arrow's reach. Red men, white men, yellow, and black, watched his flight with reverent eyes over all five continents.

Uncle Sam's eagle has no counterpart—the White-headed Eagle, commonly called Bald, ranges over North America, a lover of seacoasts and estuaries. Unlike other species of the *Aquila* family, he confines his flights to one continent.

THE EAGLE flew out from a far past to perch upon the Great Seal of the United States of America, and to become a familiar figure on the coins, flag, stamps and other insignia of our Nation. His feathers reflect 5000 years of history, myth and legend.

Before nations were born anywhere in the world this kingly bird reigned in the sky. Wherever he winged, he attracted mankind's awe and admiration—an aloof and mighty creature, who nested on high ledges and lofty trees, who sailed on tireless wings above

The great bird was a familiar symbol to all the early settlers, no matter from what land they came. The Hessians flew an eagle flag at the Battle of Trenton in 1776, the first flag of its kind in young America. However, in 1777, General Washington's Life Guard adopted the White-headed Eagle for its device. In 1778 New York State set our eagle on its arms and flag, which waved in victory at

Excerpts from *National Republic*, July 1957.

Yorktown, when the surrender of Lord Cornwallis brought freedom to the Colonies.

Meanwhile, in anticipation of this happy event, three distinguished men, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson and John Adams, had been appointed by the Continental Congress of 1776 as a committee "to prepare a device for a Seal of the United States of America." The motto was quickly agreed upon—"E Pluribus Unum." However, when the eagle was suggested, Franklin demurred, preferring a milder bird.

The verdict of the centuries stood against him. Not even Franklin, gifted diplomat and benefactor, could cancel his historic role. So, as the symbol of courage, Uncle Sam's Eagle stands upon our Great Seal, signifying likewise the power and authority of Congress.

In the eagle's favor, a distinguished British naturalist set down over a century ago: "It is a very affectionate bird, tends its young so long as they are helpless and unfledged, and will not forsake them, even if the tree on which they rest be enveloped in flames." The eagle hunts only from hunger, not for sport. Its swoop is swift and deadly, its talons drive deep. Its victims suffer no torture, have scarce time for fear.

UNCLE SAM'S eagle symbolizes fearless confidence, a courage without cruelty. The designers of

the Great Seal surrounded him with beautiful significance. His dexter talon holds an olive branch bearing thirteen leaves and fruits—the Thirteen Colonies growing together in peace. His left claw grasps thirteen arrows tied together, emblematic of the readiness of the Colonies for military service and defense if need be. In peace and war our young states were stoutly linked within the shelter of spread wings. Stars shine on our Great Seal, too—13 of them, denoting divine protection. Red, white and blue have been used in varied ways on shields and banners before being incorporated on our own. Significant words now cluster around them; red indicates valor; white, purity; blue, loyalty—to choose the simplest and most challenging.

The Great Seal of the United States has other significant features and as a whole is worth the serious attention of every citizen today. Within three inches it compresses and depicts the purpose of our nation, the faith, aspiration and stout heart of its founders. On June 20, 1782, six years from its inception, the Great Seal was officially adopted by Congress.

Today, in times of international stress our national emblem carries a strong message of inspiration. Uncle Sam's Eagle has outridden many storms. The skies will clear again and again beneath wide-spread wings the glory of our tradition will gleam.



These compounds have brought about amazing advances in a variety of fields

SILICONES

IN YOUR LIFE

by Dr. O. A. Battista

THERE'S a new and exciting class of chemicals that is being acclaimed as the greatest discovery since the test tube. They're known as those amazing silicone compounds. They are proving so effective in putting backache remedies out of business that soon Dad will have to get an extra hammock for Mom's new-found leisure hours!

The silicones fill a gap between organic materials and such refractory inorganics as glass, asbestos, and mica, and open up a whole new branch of chemistry. They

combine the best qualities of sand, coal and oil in a way unfound in Nature. Their key material is silicon, which is derived from sand—the second most abundant element on earth. The new materials come in forms all the way from a gas which will vanish in thin air to a solid substance as hard as rock. They may be a watery liquid, thick oil, or a pliable rubber.

For example, members of this new chemical family are performing undreamed of marvels contributing heavily to the trend toward comfortable modern living. They can keep shoes and brick walls dry in the rain. They're compounds that stop your eyeglasses from fogging and prevent radar from going blind on misty nights. Properly treated with silicones, snowsuits help keep children dry as well as warm, despite deep

snow or slushy weather. In furniture and auto polish, silicones spread themselves to form a surface practically indifferent to summer heat, winter sleet, knifelike rain and defunct insects.

Once regarded as laboratory curiosities, silicones are moving today into a vast new industrial and consumer end-use pattern that refuses to be straitjacketed by normal survey standards. The silicone industry has expanded 25 times in the past 9 years, and forecasts predict it will treble in the next 5 years alone. Each day, dozens of new and important uses are being found for them ranging all the way from making planes fly higher to easing the upset tummies of cows!

The most familiar silicone is "bouncing putty". It looks like modeling clay, but if you roll it into a wad and drop it on the floor it bounces like a tennis ball. Some silicone rubbers have more bounce than natural rubbers. These rubbers won't melt on hot aircraft cylinders or freeze on switches that operate bomb bay doors at 100 degrees below zero. They double the power of electric motors and multiply by ten the life of electric machines when used as insulating resins and varnishes. American jet engines are now protected by devices made of a special silicone. And that's only the beginning.

As a defoamer, only a drop or two of silicones is needed to burst

millions of bubbles; silicones thereby save industry millions of dollars annually by sharply decreasing foaming problems in vats and kettles.

As a protective coating, silicones in paint guard metal on industrial smokestacks, shrugging off intermittent blasts of heat up to 1200 F for 72 consecutive hours.

As a release agent, silicones keep tires and other molded rubber and plastic parts from sticking in molds during manufacture, thereby cutting rejects and speeding production.

A silicone ingredient in surgeons' gloves prevents the formation of dangerous bubble pinholes during manufacturing, thereby insuring sterility in operating rooms.

PROBABLY one of the most dramatic outlets for the amazing silicones is their use in the treatment of textiles. We all know water rolls off a duck's back, and that's just how water acts on a silicone treated fabric.

While nobody knows just how a duck would respond to dry-cleaning, and how water-repellent he would be afterwards—there's absolutely no doubt with a silicone treated fabric. Repeated dry-cleaning or washing has almost no effect on its water repellency. In many cases, the treated fabric is water-repellent for just about the entire life of the garment. What's more, new silicone finishes make it pos-

sible to wipe off grease spots with a solvent cleaner without leaving any telltale solvent ring behind. Water stands on a silicone treated fabric like tiny drops of mercury, unable to wet the fibers, unable to slip through the meshes.

Silicone treated wool fabrics are also capable of retaining their creases for longer periods. If a fabric doesn't get wet, it doesn't lose its press. Such woollens also have an increased ability to shed wrinkles. The usual characteristics of wool—its softness, its varied weaves and textures, its long-wearing qualities—are all enhanced by the addition of the invisible miracle of the silicone application.

THESE new products of chemical research have already brought about revolutionary changes in the baking, electric and tire-making industries, and saved the lives of cattle dying from bovine bloat by inducing a gigantic burp. They have made possible artificial-heart machines for heart surgery, sun-tan lotions that don't have to be reapplied after every dip in the ocean, preventives for diaper rash and dishpan hands, and baby-bottle nipples that are tasteless and odorless, don't clog or get limp and can be sterilized countless times without softening.

Chemists often call the silicones "abhesives", the opposite of adhesives, because nothing sticks to them. One rubber company, for

example, decided to apply a silicone treatment to its tire molds and soon reported its daily production of scrap tires had dropped from about 100 to essentially none at all.

In the old days of the baking industry, thousands of employees were required to work at greasing machines all day, applying grease to pans so the bread wouldn't stick. And thousands of others had to keep scrubbing the grease from floors and uniforms, the smoke stains from walls and ceilings and the carbonized grease from the pans. With the silicones—at least a hundred bakes per application—you get no smoke, no grease, no charred residue. And you get better bread.

Ordinary outdoor paints crack and yellow chiefly because their binders break down—oxidize. Inert silicone binders stubbornly resist oxidation.

But the new paints are still too costly except for those jobs where their hidden strength makes them cheap at any price. They are cutting down the number of paint jobs required on ships, utility towers and road signs. Manufacturers are getting some silicone benefits into home paints by fortifying them with a dash of silicone, to give them a smoother finish and improved washability. Some white silicone-based enamel paints have not dulled or yellowed after four years in the Florida sun.

KEEPING pace with a growing number of discoveries, some accidental and some planned—the silicones are now being used also as hydraulic fluids and liquid springs for aircraft; as sealed-in, lifetime lubricants for electric razors, clocks, fans, washing machines, refrigerator motors and industrial-motor bearings; as a remedy for photographic negatives defaced by scratches, oily fingerprints or dust particles; and as a variety of rubbery products which are now utilized by automobile makers and most manufacturers of airplanes, combustion and jet engines and guided missiles. Even bouncing putty, the original playboy of the family, has gone to work at new jobs. It is being used as the core of golf balls, in an ingenious self-leveling device for uneven table legs, and as an exercising material—approved by the American Medical Association—for weakened or injured hand and finger muscles, as well as to prevent clotting during life-giving blood transfusions.

Long-range possibilities that now are being considered include silicone separator-strips to prevent the expansion and contraction of building walls.

Silicone rubber insulation should enable design engineers to drastically reduce wiring size and weight—a highly important fact for shipboard and other transportation purposes.

Silicone rubber belting will permit food to be carried through continuous cooking and freezing cycles in commercial eating places and institutional dining rooms. Silicone rubber tubing and molded shapes are being evaluated as replacement parts for certain damaged vital parts of the human machine. Automobile tires made of silicone rubber may be capable of lasting throughout the entire life of the car.

There's no end in sight. In fact, one writer, tongue in cheek, recently suggested a "silicone spray for children. Gives them a protective coating so you can hose them down twice a day."

Woman of Fortitude

Mrs. O'Connor was an Irish widow whom the Lord had tried in every possible way. Calamities that hadn't happened to her hadn't happened to anyone, it seemed. Finally, one day, after a thief had entered her house and made off with her pitiful savings, Mrs. O'Connor said sadly:

"I know it's not the Lord's plan to send me more trouble than I can bear." She released a great sigh. "But I just wish he didn't have such a powerful good opinion of me."

—THOMAS P. RAMIREZ

GET THE SUPREME COURT

OUT OF POLITICS

by Paulsen Spence

Experience and responsibility in Justices of the Supreme Court can be obtained only by a Constitutional Amendment

BUSINESS and industry—despite their annual pounce on university and technical school graduates—still demand personnel of sound experience in jobs of any responsibility.

A metal-fabricating firm recently advertised in a New York newspaper for a comptroller, specifying that he must have proved himself for from two to five years as a comptroller in that very field. General Electric in the same newspaper asked for radar engineers with three to five years' experience, the Celanese Corporation required from five to ten years' experience of the Chemical Engineers it needed. For positions as sales manager, order department supervisor, textile plant manager, architectural designer, chain store salesman, corporate attorney, res-

taurant manager, advertising account executive, accountant and trade journal editor—to name only a few—various advertisers insisted on applicants' showing from two to ten years' experience.

Today's employer in any field could scarcely do otherwise. It would be foolhardy to surrender to any unseasoned employee the easily-tangled complexities of modern production, selling, advertising, organization morale, laws, costs, sources of supply, capabilities of materials, transportation, or finance. Even that chronic laggard, the Federal Government, has learned this. An applicant must these days produce a certified record of experience to land any government job not subject to changes of administration.

This holds true of any job not

subject to changes of administration except the biggest one: the job in which more power has become vested than in the presidency and the Congress combined. This power is held over not only industry, business and commerce, but over the present and future lives, liberties, jobs, customs, beliefs and traditions of every human being in every organization, town, township, city, county, parish and state in the United States as well. To land *that* job, a Justiceship of the United States Supreme Court, no previous judicial, legal, or other experience is necessary. None!

WE MAY perhaps count ourselves fortunate that all the Justices of the present Court were, at least, educated in the Law. Not all were practising attorneys, but each was a member of some bar, somewhere, at some time.

But from there, our good for-

"I believe that this nation grew great because of our Constitutional government and our private enterprise system and that I should be remiss in my duty if I left a stone unturned to help retain the American system." So wrote Paulsen Spence, native Louisianan. A graduate of Louisiana State university, he founded the Spence Engineering Company at Walden, New York, and invented the Spence Regulator, used now everywhere from the steam-heating plants of apartment buildings to the atom-powered submarine. He returned to Louisiana to start the Gulf Sand and Gravel Company and the Louisiana Eastern Railroad, which moves the Gulf product to railroad trunk lines. Spence resides in Baton Rouge and has a plantation nearby.

ture thins out. It takes more than rudimentary knowledge of the Law and proficiency in its practice to make the great jurist. It takes deep understanding of legal sources and philosophy and long experience in discerning the weighting of laws and evidence with advocacy and special pleading. It is the jurist matured by experience who has developed the detached sense of tempering strict justice with the degree of mercy that achieves a law's true intent. Only four of the present Justices had any judicial experience before ascending to the Supreme bench. One had one year; one, a year and a half; one, three years; and one, eight years—a total of 13½ years—but only eight of these years were experience in appellate courts of any description and the Chief Justice has no prior judicial experience whatsoever.

The record of the pre-Supreme

Court careers of the Justices appointed and confirmed since the first New Deal appointment (Justice Black) is even more startling. Of the 17 Justices appointed and confirmed since 1937, including the incumbents, only seven had previous judicial tenures: one had one year; one, a year and a half; one, three years; one, four years; one, five years; one, seven years; and two, eight years—a total of $37\frac{1}{2}$ years—but only 26 of those years were of appellate experience. As it seems reasonable to expect a nominee for the highest appellate court in the land to be equipped with at least ten years' experience on some lower appellate bench, that leaves our last 17 Supreme Court Justices 144 years short of the logical, minimum, qualifying total of 170 years.

Considering nothing but the value that both private enterprise and government have come to place on experience, this lack of it in our highest Court—the judge of our lower courts, as well as of the pleadings of the litigants before those courts—will surely strike future generations as one of the most astonishing paradoxes of all history if we continue to flourish; and one of the prime causes of our downfall, if we do not.

And we cannot blame the Founding Fathers for the hole in the Constitution through which this dangerous inexperience has

been dropped. The framers of the Constitution planned the United States Senate as a body of elder statesmen elected by the state legislatures. They believed rightly that a group so chosen would aggregate the wisdom to confirm only Court appointees of adequate judicial experience and the integrity to resist political pressures on its confirmations. But when the constitutional provision for the election of Senators was changed by the Seventeenth Amendment to subject them to the popular vote, the Senate became a political body. It grew keenly sensitive to presidential influence and its approval of a President's Court appointments moved close to mere rubber-stamping.

JUSTICESHIPS then became political rewards. The Court itself became less and less a check and a balance on and of the executive and legislative branches. It began to yield—with the President and the Congress—to pressure groups and popular clamors; ceasing to be what our second President, John Adams, called, "The firmest security we can have against the effects of visionary schemes and fluctuating theories." And from there, it stepped completely out of its constitutional function, which is solely to judge the constitutionality of a law insofar as it applies to the specific litigants involved, and into making laws on

its own whenever it was so moved. This was a rank usurpation of power, of which no body of impartial, learned and dedicated jurists would ever be guilty.

The Senate's "rubber-stamping" works even to constrict the Court's capacity to give the fair and impartial trials to which all litigants before all courts are constitutionally guaranteed, because of the presidential practice of looking to the Attorney General for recommendations for Court nominees. Obviously, a defendant, sued by the United States, does not get a fair and impartial trial before the Court when its Justices owe their appointments in any measure to the Attorney General of the United States who prosecutes him.

Furthermore, the "rubber-stamped" Court has clearly and continually shown that it deems our 169-year-old Constitution totally unsuited to this streamlined, atomic age. It gave the Constitution's "commerce clause" a meaning that cannot be found in any dictionary, or in the record of the Constitutional Convention, or in the writings of the Founding Fathers. It based one of its most important decisions on no Constitutional article or amendment, not even on one of its own prior rulings, but on the opinions of alleged scientific experts of known communistic leanings. And it committed other acts against the Constitution which impartial,

learned and experienced jurists would never countenance.

THE LEARNED JURIST knows that the Constitution is not akin to some ancient proverb that is amusing to quote but too old fashioned to live up to. He knows that the Constitution *is* the United States and the United States, the Constitution. He knows that as a member of the United States Supreme Court, he dedicates himself to uphold his oath to defend and preserve the Constitution as *the* contract, or agreement, among the states to exist together as a nation.

Actually, the United States is not, and never was, an entity divided into 48 divisions, or lesser states. It is a group, a combination, of states that were independent and universally regarded as separate nations, and that became unified by, and under the explicit terms of, that contract to which all were and still are equal parties. When the states signed the contract, they reserved to themselves the right to amend it. Even today, the contract, or the constitution, could be abrogated and the United States of America dispersed into 48 separate nations if three-fourths of the states so decided.

Unquestionably, therefore, the present Court's scorn of the Constitution is the greatest existing threat to our republican form of government and hence to this country as we know it. While an

atomic-weaponed invader could do us tremendous damage, he could not destroy all of our liberties and blight our lives with one blow. But the Court could! And the Court will, if it continues its present course and maintains the attitude of New Deal Justice Robert H. Jackson who exulted that the Court "had established a supremacy that could deny important powers to both state and nation on principles nowhere found in the Constitution itself."

How is the Court to be turned back, taken out of federal politics and solidly re-constituted as the true tribunal of the republic of states, responsible to all the states and to the representatives of the citizens of all the states?

By this time, we know too well that the Court, as well as large segments of the Federal Government, has become infected with the communistic virus and will not turn back of its own volition. To avoid attending their own funerals, the states must exercise the privilege they retained in Article V of the Constitution and, through their legislatures, require the Congress to call a convention for the purpose of considering and adopting a Constitutional Amendment along these lines:

*** CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT**

The First Section of Article III of the Constitution of the United

States shall be amended to read as follows: The judicial power of the United States shall be vested in one Supreme Court, consisting of one chief judge and ten associate judges and in such inferior courts as may be provided for in amendments to the Constitution or as the Congress from time to time may ordain and establish. The judges of the Supreme Court shall serve terms as hereinafter provided and the judges of the inferior courts shall hold their offices during good behavior and all judges shall at stated times receive for their services a compensation which shall not be diminished during their continuance in office. The action of a majority of the judges of any court shall be the action of the court.

No member of the Department of Justice, including the Attorney General of the United States, shall in any manner influence the selection and/or promotion of judges of the Courts thereof and any judge whose selection and/or promotion has been so influenced shall recuse himself from any case involving the United States.

No person shall be a judge of the Supreme Court of the United States unless he is a native-born citizen of the United States and shall have had a total of ten years' experience as a judge either of an inferior court of the United States or the highest court of one of the United States or a total of ten

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years' experience as a judge of both courts.

Judges of the Supreme Court shall be selected as follows:

(A) The President shall, with the advice and consent of two-thirds of the Senate, appoint the chief judge.

(B) One associate judge of the Supreme Court shall be chosen from each of the ten judicial circuits. When a vacancy occurs in the Supreme Court, the Senate of the United States shall by a majority vote nominate not less than two eligible candidates for associate judge from the judicial circuit in which a vacancy exists and shall submit the names of those nominated to the legislatures of the states comprising the judicial circuit as constituted at the time of the adoption of this amendment. The legislatures shall then choose a judge from the list of those nominated, each state having one vote. If no nominee shall receive a majority of votes, the Senate shall continue to submit nominations until a judge is chosen. No person shall be nominated

for the office of or serve as associate Supreme Court judge unless he shall have been a citizen of one or more of the states in the judicial circuit from which he is chosen, for a period of not less than ten years.

(C) The chief judge of the Supreme Court appointed under this amendment shall serve a term of ten years. The first associate judges shall be elected to serve terms of years equal to the numbers assigned to their respective judicial circuits; thereafter, judges shall be elected for terms of ten years.

Nothing herein contained shall prevent a person properly reappointed, or renominated and reelected, from serving more than one term.

A judge of a United States Court upon reaching the age of 70 years may retire. Any judge of a United States Court who has retired after having served ten years as a United States Court Judge shall receive his full remuneration at stated intervals for life. In the event the service is less than ten years, remuneration shall be in proportion to length of service.

The indignant father came to the head of the stairs and called down, "Young man, do you realize it's two o'clock? Do you think you can stay here all night?"

"Gosh," answered the boy friend, "I'd like to, but I'll have to phone mother first."

—WILLIAM A. ARTER

A modern pioneer has built a multi-million dollar business and a monument to the history of the West

Walter Knott's Berry Farm and Ghost Town

by Robert O'Brien

EVERY DAY at the gates of a southern California institution, known implausibly as Knott's Berry Farm and Ghost Town, thousands of Americans of all ages check their cares and descend upon a 200-acre illusion inspired by the life and times of the pioneer. Here they lose themselves in the story-book West—a naive world of wilderness and sky, of bad *hombres* and good *hombres*, of bowie knives and six-shooters; a world where, when a man needed money, he either held up the Sacramento stage or panned it in gold dust from the Sierra river sandbars.

Roaring camp shacks and iron-shuttered brick buildings from Wells Fargo days line the shady streets of this Ghost Town. Pack-laden burros doze at the hitching-rack in front of the general store. Before his false-fronted shop a blacksmith is shoeing a saddled mustang and down the street, in a flurry of dust ruffles and petticoats, a pretty Mother Lode actress

boards a four-horse Concord coach.

Yonder sits a little red school-house. Beside the lake rises the steeple of a white church. A narrow-gauge brass bound locomotive with its rumbling coaches chuffs across the Gold Gulch trestle. A bearded prospector bends to his rifle box by the water wheel, and from somewhere drifts the tinkle of a fandango house piano. The smell of wood smoke and baking berry pie fills the air.

These, Walter Knott believes, represent roots in time, roots in a country, a stake in history, all worth preserving. "The more complex the world becomes," he says, "the more people turn to the past and the simple things in life. Here at the Farm and Ghost Town we try to give them some of these things."

And the Knotts succeed. Last year three and a half million persons visited "the Farm." On summer Sundays 20,000 thronged there, sipping sarsaparilla, dining on fried

chicken, steak or pioneer stews, riding a train that is held up by masked bandits, panning gold and strolling the streets of a make-believe mining camp. And all this only 22 miles from Los Angeles.

WHAT it is doing there, and how it grew, is quite a story. When Walter and Cordelia Knott and their four children—Russell, Virginia, Toni and Marion, all healthy, bright-eyed and under ten—arrived in Buena Park in 1920, Orange County was farm land. Beet fields and orange groves stretched from the San Bernardino foothills west to the Pacific. Behind the Knotts were bitter years of homesteading in the Mojave desert and back-breaking years of sharecropping in San Luis Obispo County. But Knott had stuck to it. He believed in independence through honest toil. He lived by the pioneer terms of self-reliance, and doing the best you can today and trusting in God to take care of tomorrow. And he had the pioneer's unquenchable belief in himself, in the land and in the land's bright promise.

Hard work, \$2500 in savings and a Model T Ford brought the Knott family at last to Buena Park. Knott planted berries, built a roadside stand to market them, and his barefoot children flagged passing customers with rhubarb fronds. In 1927 they began cautiously to spread out. Mrs. Knott baked berry pies to

sell, along with light lunches, hot biscuits and berry jam. Seven years later the Knotts built a tiny restaurant and served their first chicken dinner. On the restaurant's opening day Mrs. Knott served eight dinners at 65 cents each, on her wedding china. The next day she served ten. Soon customers were standing in line. The children, in their teens now, helped out by waiting on patrons. It was a family affair, as it still is.

Knott, a creative man like most settlers, was always tinkering around the Farm with a new variety of vegetable or plant or with a new enterprise such as the restaurant. One day a Department of Agriculture man dropped in to ask if he had heard of an Orange County farmer who had cultivated an amazing berry—a cross between a loganberry, a blackberry and a raspberry.

Knott pricked up his ears. "What's his name?"

"Boysen. That's all we know about him."

"Let's track him down," Knott said.

They finally found Rudolph Boysen in nearby Anaheim, where he was the city park superintendent. Boysen took Knott and the government man to a ranch he had managed a few years before and showed them six neglected vines in the shade of a pepper tree.

"They're all that's left," he said.

With tender care in the Knott

Farm's rich soil, the vines came back to life. Knott called their fruit the boysenberry. Three seasons later they were growing so large and lush the yield was \$1800 an acre.

He shared this phenomenal new plant, his root-stock, and his skill with growers in every state and 15 foreign countries. Profits rolled in. The years of struggle were over.

In 1939 the Farm embraced 100 acres. The restaurant, called the Chicken Dinner, could seat 600, and Mrs. Knott and her helpers—most of them neighborhood housewives—turned out several thousand dinners on a busy Sunday. Russell managed the roadside market; Virginia, Toni and Marion supervised the flourishing gift shop, flower booth and music box museum.

Walter Knott, then 50 years old, felt it was time to take stock. He kept remembering how his grandparents and their baby girl—Knott's mother—had hit the Spanish Trail through Texas to California in a covered wagon. He thought of the stirring frontier tales his grandmother had told him when he was a boy, and his homesteading years on the Mojave where a sanded-up well finally licked him. But a few miles to the northwest, on Calico ridge, there had been a silver strike back in the 1880's; an uncle of his had grubstaked the prospectors who discovered the Silver King mine.

Now Calico camp was a ghost town.

Five miles over the sagebrush flats from his adobe shack emigrant wagons, like his grandparents', had rocked along the dry bed of the Mojave River; he could see where they had gone by the twin lines of mesquite that grew in the ruts. Many of the pioneers were sick and exhausted when they reached the Mojave. To the southwest, beyond the shimmering heat of the desert, the wild and rugged San Bernardinos waited for them. They and their creaking wagons kept on going, and they got through.

PLAINS-CROSSERS had always been Walter Knott's heroes. It was time, he decided, to build them a monument. "I will describe a picture," he told an artist friend, "and I want you to make it beautiful and vivid like a cyclorama I once saw."

The result was a large cyclorama showing a covered wagon train at the end of a hard desert drive. It showed the blinding alkali flats it had struggled across, and the distant blue mountains. Its lights dimmed to suggest the swift desert nightfall, stars came out; in an accompanying sound effect a little girl whimpered for water. A narrator described the hardships and courage of the emigrants, voices sang a song of the trail, the lights went up, and the tableau was over.

It wouldn't be right, Knott thought, to house this spectacle in a new building. He took a trip through the Southwest and found near Prescott, Arizona, an old abandoned hotel. He had it dismantled and freighted it to Buena Park, where he reassembled it. There the cyclorama was installed. He found several ramshackle cabins and erected them nearby; around them he grouped old wagons, an ancient stage, discarded anvils. It was all to be free to Chicken Restaurant customers, a reminder of their pioneer heritage. "We'll call it Ghost Town," he said.

It was ready by 1941. The response was instant and warm. By 1945 the Chicken Dinner Restaurant comprised seven dining rooms.

"We'll keep on building just as fast as we earn," Knott said at the family's weekly business meeting. "We'll pay the help and taxes, and plow what's left back into the business. We'll grow slow and steady, with no help from anybody else."

TODAY the Chicken Restaurant and Steak House have a seating capacity of 1700, and visitors consume an average of 4000 chicken dinners a day. Some 270 items—products of the bakery, candy and preserving kitchens, and gristmill—are sold at the Farm. A large assortment is also merchandised by mail order and through selected fine stores. Ghost Town rambles across 30 acres; 60 acres provide

free parking; about 100 acres remain in crops.

Permanent employes have increased to 900 men and women. Knott has instituted a cash profit-sharing plan which last year distributed \$167,000 among them. The Farm's payroll this year is almost \$60,000 a week.

The narrow gauge Ghost Town and Calico Railway—a mile-long frontier railroad made up of old Denver and Rio Grande rolling stock—carried 625,352 paying passengers in 1956. In all, last year's gross receipts of the Berry Farm, the various family enterprises and the 30-odd Ghost Town concessions totaled \$800,000.

At 68 Knott is slender, wiry, white-haired—the prototype of the imperishable settler. He speaks with schoolmasterish precision, neither smokes nor drinks (no liquor is served on the Farm).

He gives the impression at all times of incorporating into what he is saying an awareness of the direction of the wind, the look of the sky, the season of the year. You know by the ease and economy of his carriage that he could handle a hoe, an ax, a scythe, a team of horses.

"I tell my children and grandchildren never to depend on money security or property security," he says. "A thousand things can wipe you out. I tell them to work, and learn self-reliance."

For all his simplicity, Knott ex-

hibits a flair for showmanship. It was he, for example, who thought up the "volcano" that smokes and roars away behind a tongue-in-cheek sign that proclaims it to have been "moved bodily from the Mojave desert." It was he who took the train ride and said, "Let's liven this up a little—give 'em something to talk about. Get some bandits in here to hold this thing up every time it goes around the track." (Internal Revenue agents every year go into a double-take over the payroll listing, "Five bandits—three full-time, two part-time.")

SINCE THE DAY nearly 20 years ago, when he determined to keep alive the memory of the pioneers, Knott has never flagged in his purpose. In 1950 he went back to Calico, prowled among the weatherworn shanties that still clung to the mountainside and came away with an idea.

At the next Thursday morning meeting of the family Knott mentioned what he had in mind. "We'll restore Calico," he said. "We'll create a living monument to a great Western institution—the mining camp."

"It's the craziest thing I ever heard of," said Mrs. Knott. And the others agreed. Why get involved with a collection of kindling wood on some wind-swept mountain 130 miles out in the desert?

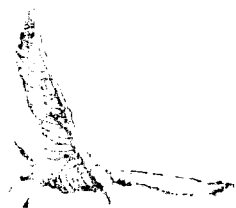
Knott said, "I think I'll do it anyway."

Later he bought the site of Calico—70 mountainside acres—for \$13,500. He installed water and electricity. Crews of workmen began rebuilding the original camp on the basis of old-timers' recollections and maps. Little by little the other members of the family warmed to the idea. Before long they were spending money at the rate of not less than \$50,000 a year on the restoration. By last March and the opening of Calico House—a restaurant capable of serving 400 meals a day—some 20 exact replicas of the old boom camp buildings lined the streets. Work will continue until reproduction is complete.

Knott stood on the Calico House veranda one bright afternoon not long ago, a showman's ring in his voice. "We're going to put up places for people to stay—miner's cabins, built for people who want to hunt rocks and climb around the mountain. This is beautiful country and it's filling up. My grandchildren'll stand here some day and look around at all the buildings and sightseers and say, 'How do you suppose the old man ever thought of this one?'"

He gazed across the desert to the twin lines of mesquite along the old emigrant trail.

"We don't always have the real thing for the people," he said. "But it makes them remember the real thing. That's what's important."



Life of a

A love of the sea, a streak of independence and a sharp business sense—that is the lobsterman

WHEN sweet steam from juicy red lobster tickles your nostrils, do you ever wonder about the men who catch these delicate morsels?

A prominent business man turned to his neighbor at a formal dinner and said, "You know, sometimes I wish I could spend my life catching these lobsters we're eating, instead of being sealed up in a business office five days a week." This daydreamer could probably never qualify as a lobsterfisherman.

It is three in the morning. Up in a remote corner of New England, another business man is just beginning his day, as he pushes a skiff off into the soft, woolly fog, breathes deeply of sharp salty air and rows out to his gasoline boat. He is his own boss, making his own hours. But a lobsterman must suffer exposure through long hours of wet fog and spray. He must be a carpenter, weatherman, fisher-

man and farmer. He must have excellent judgment.

These strong bronze men begin their day at early dawn. No turning off an alarm to catch another wink for them! And, if a lobsterman has chosen his wife wisely, she is up to fortify him with a substantial breakfast. Pocketing three or four homemade doughnuts, he sets forth in long hip boots, with a rolling motion not unlike the waves before him. Oilskins, boots and visor cap are his uniform.

So the lobsterman begins his day, sometimes at early dawn, sometimes later, always following a cycle with the moon late into twilight, and thence with the low tide again, for he must always haul his traps at low ebb. His gasoline boat, usually bearing his wife's name in bold letters on the side, carries him around his circle of traps which he has built by hand through the long winter months.

A lobster trap is one of the few

Lobsterman

by Frances Tucker

remaining homemade intricacies of our civilization. To date, the machine age cannot turn out a lobster trap which will attract discriminating lobsters. Stacked in rows, they look like little covered bridges, open air style, for the lathes are nailed in a curved formation over a hard wood frame. Each end of the trap is a net of twine which forms little wirey tunnels and ends in an iron ring, just large enough for a lobster to crawl through. These nets are completed during

the long Winter months, when the lobsterman does his "knitting," around a woodstove, roaring with a hot birch fire. He is as adept at knitting as his wife and his nets as artistic as a wedding veil.

To lure the lobsters, bait is suspended in the middle of the trap on a metal needle. The lobster looks from his green underworld, outside, and sees the feast. He crawls across the netted entrance through the tiny iron portals and eats to his stomach's delight. Only



the big-leaguers can escape, however. The tiny exit in this green moist world is attained only by the most clever. For the lobster's bewilderment increases as the trap turns on end, and he joins company with a half dozen or more of his greenish-black friends.

As the lobsterman approaches his first buoy, the sun is coming up, for the law forbids a man to haul before sunrise. This law is for his own protection, since lobster trap thieves love to operate before the sun rises to reveal their deeds.

The lobsterman now turns off his engine and watches the eastern sky, which had been pale yellow, now turning to deep gold, as the light travels higher and higher into the heavens. The sun appears above the evergreens and the whole coastline sparkles clear and cold.

The lobsterman turns to his buoy. Each buoy hides a lobster trap beneath it, and must be painted with an identifying color, the lobsterman's name, the license number. Thousands of these buoys dot the shiny blue surf of the New England coast. Now he pulls up his first trap, keeping the rope tight. Quarreling crabs are always in the trap, also "short" lobsters, which must be returned to the sea. If the lobster is less than four and one-half inches, he is short and the law forbids a man to catch him. If the lobster is female, or over-sized, this too must be tossed back.

THE ELIGIBLE LOBSTERS are called "counters." The lobsterman picks one of these up just above his claws on the back shell and shoves a pine peg into the jaws, thereby wedging both claws. After he has captured all his "counters" and removed the crabs, starfish, and ineligible lobsters, he baits the trap, and throws it back into the water. Then he proceeds to the next buoy.

Often it is hazardous business. A gasoline engine can be a mean traitor, when relentless waves are pushing toward razor-edged rocks. Every lobsterman has already met death in his mind. Out there, where the white fog is thick as cotton and the threat of winds and waves ever present, life is often a vague dream, and the wet death beneath an imminent reality. And most of these men can't swim!

No lobsterman can have better accident insurance than his next door hauler. No family was ever knit more closely than five or six lobstermen living in the same cove, perhaps hailing each other on their rounds with only a word. Yet, not one of them rests his head on a pillow until every man is in for the day.

You will often see them waiting on the point, straining eyes for the bobbing of the missing neighbor's boat. If a reasonable time elapses with no sign of him, one man rows out to his own boat and starts a search.

His day's haul over, a lobsterman who went out at dawn, gets home before noon. If he has a good haul, he brings home a few lobsters and puts them into the boiling kettle his wife has on the stove, so that his family enjoys a lobster dinner as often as they please.

TWICE a week a fishing smack comes into the cove. One by one, you may hear the lobstermen calling to each other, "Smack's in!" They row out to have their hauls weighed and purchased. What is a good day's haul? Hard to tell. The average lobsterman owns about 150 traps. However, there are many men who fish from rowboats and can't possibly handle more than 100 traps a day. Some days a trap may yield only one "counter," while another day it may yield six or eight. With lobsters varying in price from 30 to 75 cents a pound, and the average lobster weighing one pound, one can easily see the lobsterman does not get rich fast.

It would be difficult to measure the average haul of these masters at evasion. I remember one first and last experience questioning a Down Easter about his day's haul.

"How many did you get, Nick?"

"Oh, 'bout the same as yesterday."

"How many did you get yesterday?"

"Same as day 'fore that," he said, tightening the rope on his anchor.

His haul is the lobsterman's secret and only the income tax man will tease it out of him! So we can only guess what a good day's haul is from the following "record haul" reported in the *Maine Coast Fisherman*. It is the record of a man hauling with a rowboat, owning 75 traps, which sat over from Saturday until Monday. He got 126 lobsters, worth at least \$39, or if they were large lobsters, \$45. Consider the man who owns 150 traps. Not bad!

However, with traps costing at least four or five dollars apiece, bait averaging from two to three dollars a barrel, and gasoline engine expense, a lobsterman must be shrewd to make a comfortable living. He must build his traps wisely and if they don't yield, sink them deeper. He must have eyes that see below the water and ferret out fertile spots. For lobsters change their habits. A spot that is fertile for several years, may become barren suddenly.

This is the lobsterman's daily living. What a salary is to the salesman, the daily lobster haul is to the fisherman. His commissions depend on his fishing weir or seine. If he has labored over a herring weir, perhaps one of these days in the next ten or 20 years, he will find a weir full of herring and be \$5000 richer. He may never hit the jackpot or redeem more fish from his weir than he needs for bait. This will never fret him. He is a

simple man, confident of drawing up a good living for his family in his 100 or more lobster traps. If herring fill his weir, fine! His sons and daughters will go to college the easy way. If not, they'll get along and life by the shore is still good.

NO POLITICIAN could be prouder of a son following his profession than the lobsterman whose son shows interest in lobsterfishing. He watches other lobstermen's sons go off to the city, work in factories, and hopes that by some chance his own son will be different. Then, one day when his son decides, the father tells you about it. He'll just lean against his boat, puff on his pipe extra hard and say, "Guess I'll buy the son some gear to get him started." But his heart is warm, as he sees his son catching the "short" lobsters he had to throw back.

Caring for his traps, engine, bait and perhaps a weir, sounds like a sun-up-to-sun-down job. But in between times the lobsterman tends his garden, cuts his wood and watches sunsets by the hour.

Lobstermen must choose their wives wisely. There are many lonely hours and often anxious ones. Most fishing coves are at least two miles from a village and there is little or no social life for a woman. But, watch these women! They are busy every waking hour. Cellars, stocked with several hun-

dred jars of assorted foods, represent weeks and months of canning time.

One room of the cottage is often stocked with rags for braided or hooked rugs, yarns, and patchwork pieces for quilts. The lobsterman's wife does at least fifty percent of the gardening and all her own baking. She is meticulous in her housework and the old cottage floors are white from frequent scrubbing.

When cosmopolitan wives may be sleepily winding up a good time in the morning, the lobsterman's wife is putting on the coffee and preparing to send her husband off to work with a hearty breakfast. The rebirth of city girls to this type of life is rare indeed!

ONE OF our lobsterman's friends, immortalized in bronze, stood in the World's Fair, a typical Down East lobsterman. Millions of people studied him to discover what a lobsterman was like, but few ever caught the real vibrant image of the man.

A business man, yes, but a peaceful man, living under the stars and in the brightness of sunrise and sunset, in the fragrance of fir and balsam, always in the clean salt air and with the screaming gulls or scrambling black crustaceans for companionship. A strong, solitary American with a deep, unsurpassed satisfaction in his heart.

"THE ALL-MIGHTY AGENCY" "A SORT OF POLITICAL SUICIDE"

By David Shea Teeple

"I shall not, whilst I have the honor of administering the government, bring men into any office of consequence knowingly whose political tenets are adverse to the measures the general government is pursuing; for this, in my opinion, would be a sort of political suicide."—(George Washington in a letter to Timothy Pickering, 1795).

IT WOULD BE a mistake to believe that every pronouncement by a departed statesman is infallible, yet it is equally unwise to consider the opinions of our ancestors as worthless just because they have departed from the political scene.

In examining recent developments in American politics an objective observer would have to conclude that George Washington gave good advice when he warned that he would never knowingly appoint to a high political office an individual whose basic political philosophy was opposed to the Administration.

Our system of government is based upon political responsibility. We elect officials and we remove them from office at the polls if their conduct is not satisfactory to the general public. Only in this way can the people retain control of the people's business. The only

alternative to this system is some sort of a dictatorship—be it communist, socialist, or fascist. Let those who don't like our political methods and who consider "politics" a dirty word reflect upon this truism.

If the people cannot be entrusted with the decisions which affect their lives and destiny, to whom shall they be entrusted?

The most alarming development in the twentieth century, insofar as the perpetuation of our representative form of government is concerned, is the growth of our so-called "independent agencies and commissions" over which neither the executive, the legislative, nor indeed the people themselves exercise any measure of adequate control.

There are now almost forty independent agencies and commissions administered by appointees

with terms from three to fifteen years. To understand the magnitude and the power of these agencies, those who are interested might consult the United States Government Organization Manual (1954-1955). It consists of 553 pages covering the entire organization of our government in all branches. Two hundred pages are devoted to the "Independent Agencies." For all practical purposes they are autonomous. It is true that the terms of some officials of these commissions expire during a presidential term but seldom can any administration effect policy changes as a result of the appointments which lapse during one or even two presidential terms.

These commissions and independent agencies exercise quasi-judicial, quasi-legislative, executive, investigatory, and policy powers. Many of the "Commissioners" have never before held public office and, in fact, couldn't be elected to any office in their own towns.

PERHAPS the best way to demonstrate the power of these autonomous bureaucratic agencies is to compare the number of their personnel and the amount of their budgets with those of the Executive Department, which most Americans believe is supposed to run the government.

In this comparison the Defense Department, Post Office Department, and the Treasury Department have been omitted since the necessity for their personnel and budget is obvious.

PERSONNEL—JANUARY 1957

Department	Number of Personnel
Agriculture	81,767
Commerce	47,345
Health, Education & Welfare	50,151
Interior	48,968
Labor	30,766
Justice	5,930
State	32,998
Total	297,925
<i>Independent Agencies</i>	312,972*

The appropriations comparison is even more illuminating.

APPROPRIATIONS—JANUARY 1957:

Department	Amount—Billions of Dollars
Agriculture	\$ 1.9
Commerce	1.4
Interior	.4
Labor and Health, Education, and Welfare	2.3
State, Justice, Judiciary	.5
Total	\$ 6.5
<i>Independent Agencies</i>	\$ 5.9**

These two charts should prove one thing, namely, that when you

* Congressional Record, March 21, 1957, page 3607.

** Congressional Record, June 29, 1956, page 11326.

get the personnel and the money in government you automatically get the power.

Many of the concepts of statutory law have been rewritten as a result of the administrative regulations and rules which pour forth from these multitudinous groups. We have now reached a point where it is actually impossible for a lawyer to advise his client because of the inability to determine what administrative rulings will be issued from day to day.

When the first of these agencies were established it was an accepted principle that their rulings were subject to a *de novo* judicial review. In recent years, however, the volume of hearings, rules, regulations, and decisions of these agencies have made judicial appeal a lengthy, frustrating, and almost worthless procedure.

Anytime a vital segment of the people's business is removed from the control of the people and placed under the authority of an appointed official with a long tenure of office representative government, as we know it, suffers a vital setback.

FOR EXAMPLE, almost every commodity is involved in interstate commerce. Certainly this is an area in which the people of the United States have a right to exercise control; yet, in fact, eleven commissioners completely beyond the reach of the people regulate our

motor carriers and water carriers, prescribe rates, pass upon all consolidations, authorize all the issuance of securities, establish the safety devices and a host of other things.

Consider the activities of the Federal Trade Commission which is supposed to promote "free and fair competition in interstate commerce."

This body investigates complaints, holds hearings, and issues decisions; yet no member of the commission or the staff ever appears before the people at voting time.

When one calls the roll of the major commissions now in operation, it is apparent that vital areas of the conduct of our affairs have been entirely removed from any effective political control and responsibility. The mention of a few of the most important commissions should prove the point: Atomic Energy Commission, Civil Aeronautics Board, Farm Credit Administration, The Federal Civil Defense Administration, The Federal Communications Commission, Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, Federal Power Commission, Federal Reserve Board, Federal Trade Commission, Interstate Commerce Commission, National Labor Relations Board, Securities and Exchange Commission, Tennessee Valley Authority, Civil Service Commission, and the United States Tariff Commission.

During the height of the New

Deal, when most of these agencies were established, people with an ultra-liberal or socialistic philosophy were appointed either to the staffs or to the administrative posts. They are still there and though the philosophy of government has changed as a result of our national elections, these all-powerful commissions are still honeycombed with unreconstructed New Dealers who are actually "untouchable."

If the commission is not responsive to the people, the staff is even less. Wired in by Civil Service, the Veterans Preference Act, etc., we have now a fourth branch of government from which appeal is seldom successful.

So powerful are these staff members that in many instances they establish policy and promulgate regulations of which the actual commissioners are unaware. These staff members are the real "professionals" of bureaucracy. They know every technical trick of the trade and they use them all to promote their philosophy and to protect their friends.

If you wish to open a radio station or a television station or start a truck line or establish an airline or manufacture a product or sell a product or form a corporation or dissolve a corporation or hire an employee or fire an employee or borrow money or lend money or do practically anything else, sooner or later you will find yourself subject to the administrative regula-

tions of a group over which the people of the United States exercise no control.

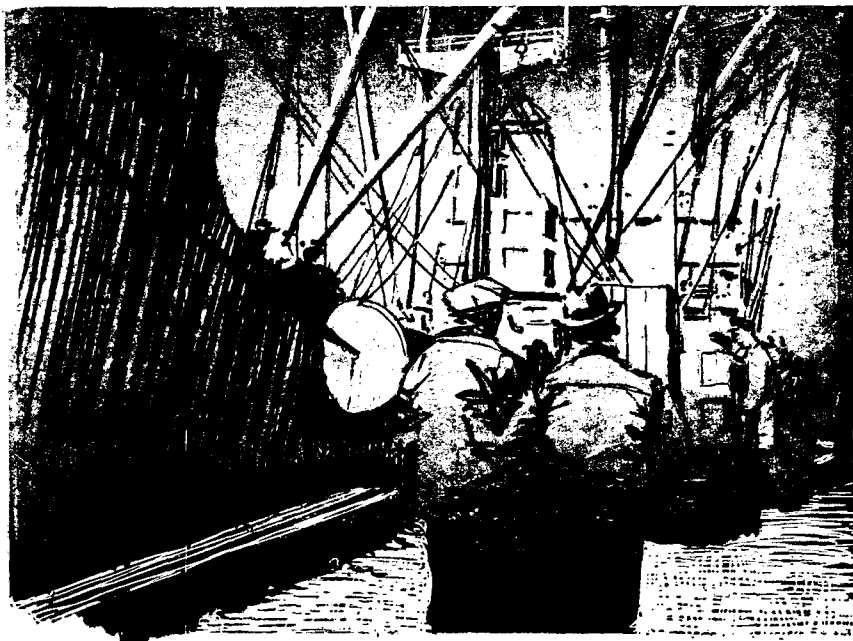
IF YOU THINK this is an exaggeration talk to any businessman in your community who has ever had to come to Washington and dealt with the bureaucratic red tape, the delay and the arbitrary decisions of any one of these groups.

The author is not irrational enough to believe that this tangled web of bureaucratic control is going to be abolished since there are too many vested interests delighted with the present setup, particularly when they have their friends in the proper slots.

Neither does the author maintain that the functions of many of these agencies are unnecessary. Some of them were established as a result of excesses on the part of greedy men who operated like pirates. They needed regulation and they got it.

The medicine now, however, threatens to kill the patient. We have had an overdose. *It is time for a review of the functions of these groups since they now need regulation by the people* if we are to prevent the establishment of bureaucratic socialism in the U. S.

One can only conclude, therefore, that when you take this control of the people's business out of the hands of the people it is as George Washington said, "... a sort of political suicide."



“MARK AMERICAN” SHAUGHNESSY

by Edward Newman

His Is a One-Man Crusade

THE PIER was filled with the sounds of America on the move. The year was 1944.

John J. Shaughnessy cocked his head to listen for a moment to the familiar shouts of the longshore gangs, the whine of the winch and the rumble of trundling crates along the dock, and then turned with a smile to greet the first mate of the rusty tramp steamer that was being loaded.

“I hope those Russians appreciate

all this stuff they’re getting,” Shaughnessy said sarcastically. As supervising inspector for all foreign aid shipments from Maine to Virginia he had seen many cargoes.

“What do you mean appreciate it,” the first mate grunted. “They don’t even know where it’s coming from.” He fished a pencil out of his pocket and stepped quickly to a crate of machinery marked “Made in U.S.A.” A half dozen deft strokes with a pencil and the stencil read “Made in U.S.S.R.”

“That’s what happens to these

cargoes," the ship's officer said grimly. "And I'm only one of a lot of guys that have seen it happen."

Shaughnessy was silent. He knew these men of the merchant fleet were not given to fantasy or flights of the imagination.

In the following weeks he became label-conscious, studying shipment after shipment going to foreign ports. He discovered that millions of dollars worth of American goods were going abroad with the easily convertible "Made in U.S.A." designation. Tons of cargo were being shipped with no mark showing point of origin.

IT WAS the birth of a one-man crusade. Shaughnessy's idea was a simple and patriotic one: "Mark American." He asked, "Why can't we mark the millions of dollars worth of American goods going overseas with a clear, bold, unchangeable 'Made in the United States of America'?"

Simple though the idea may seem, it was to take nine years to attract attention to his plan.

A veteran of World War I, Shaughnessy had spent 40 years of his life in the shipping industry. The spark that was struck on that cargo-crammed dock became a tiny flame that burned deep inside him and refused to be extinguished. He talked to seamen, longshoremen, shipping executives. He bombarded government officials and agencies with letters and suggestions.

With grudging admiration for his single-minded devotion to an idea, co-workers dubbed him "Mark American" Shaughnessy.

Abandoning hope for adoption of his suggestion by administrative officials, in 1952 Shaughnessy leveled his sights on the legislative branch by writing to every Senator in the United States Congress.

"The writer has nothing to gain personally and no other motive than to enhance the prestige of his country," he told the legislators.

"Propaganda is advertising. Advertising is the sword-arm of trade. Trade is the life-blood of a nation . . .

"We do not ship inferior food or equipment abroad. Almost without exception the material that emanates here is the best obtainable anywhere on earth. We have every reason to be proud of our achievement in the field of human endeavor. Why, then, do we not advertise on our *travelling billboards*?"

The Senators were interested. Slowly their replies, 65 of them, trickled in one by one.

It was now the spring of 1953, and Shaughnessy was working as a packaging expert for the Army Chemical Corps.

It was becoming clear that his "Mark American" plan was catching on in Congress.

The Army came through with a \$275 award and a commendation, signed by Major Gen. E. F.

Bullene, Commanding General of the Army Chemical Corps.

"It is with great pride that I congratulate you for the credit bestowed upon the Chemical Corps and yourself as the result of this suggestion," the commendation read.

On June 12, 1953, Shaughnessy found himself sitting in Room F84 on the ground floor of the Capital Building. It was the office of Charles F. Potter of Michigan, himself a disabled veteran of World War II.

"I'm sold on your 'Mark American' idea, John, and I've introduced a bill to make it the law of the land," said the Senator. "I'd like you to testify in committee on its behalf."

Shaughnessy testified at length on his waterfront observations and his nine-year battle prompted only by a patriotic conviction. The feasibility and reasonableness of his "Mark American" plan was attested to by representatives of business and shipping interests. The only opposition came from bureaus within the Department of Commerce that insisted there would be "administrative" problems.

AT THE conclusion of the hearings Potter heartily congratulated Shaughnessy on his efforts.

"I wish to state no one has convinced me that there isn't a need for more legible marking," the Senator observed. "I think even the

government witnesses that appeared admitted it was so. It would do two things. It would alleviate the possibility of changing U.S.A. to U.S.S.R. by persons in ports who want to have the Communists receive the credit for goods that are manufactured and shipped from the United States. Also it is just good business to sell the United States of America throughout the world. You have been the motivating force behind this effort."

The effect of Shaughnessy's testimony crystallized in the form of a Resolution, passed by both Houses of Congress, urging both Federal and commercial shippers to print indelibly the legend "United States of America" in suitable size on all shipping containers.

"Products of American Industry and Labor are of a high quality and a proud symbol of our free enterprise system and democratic way of life," the Resolution pointed out.

However, this was only a partial victory for Shaughnessy's efforts. Senator Potter had introduced "Mark American" in the form of a bill that would have made it mandatory.

Under pressure of approaching adjournment, and in order to avoid lengthy debate and possible pigeon-holing of the idea, advocates compromised on passage of a Resolution. A Resolution is merely permissive.

ON AUGUST 15, 1953, President Eisenhower took official cognizance of the congressional resolution's intent. He wrote to the Secretary of Commerce:

"I should like you to take appropriate action to assure that this resolution is given full publicity through the facilities of the Department of Commerce so that all exporters and other business men will become aware of its purport. I suggest that you request the co-operation of other Federal agencies to assure full publicity."

Shaughnessy watched, and waited, and was astounded to find that the simple expedient of stenciling "United States of America" in suitable lettering on overseas shipments was still generally ignored. He carried the fight back into the maze of red tape that surrounded the Federal government's administrative bureaus.

On March 9, 1954, South Dakota's Senator Karl C. Mundt wrote sympathetically:

"It is sometimes an uphill job to convince official Washington of an idea like this, but I certainly commend you for your effort and I hope you will not let down."

A month later came written assurance from the White House that the marking situation on the docks would be improved.

Hopefully, Shaughnessy scanned the letter signed by Homer W. Gruenther, special assistant to the President.

"Your concern in this matter is understandable and commendable," Gruenther wrote. "Your thoughtfulness in letting the President have the benefit of your ideas and suggestions is deeply appreciated."

Meanwhile Shaughnessy was becoming aware that his pressure, as an ordinary but vocal American citizen, on officials at the highest government levels was apparently becoming embarrassing to his own superiors.

He claims that in the Fall of 1954 a ranking officer gave him verbal advice "to desist in my activity for 'Mark American.'"

His closest friends advised him to "be realistic."

"Consider your family," they warned. "You'll never get another job at your age."

On September 15, 1955, Shaughnessy was dismissed from his \$6,250 a-year Civil Service job after 15 years of government service. The Army insists that his job was eliminated for economy reasons and had no connection with his continuing and sometimes embarrassing siege of Washington on behalf of his pet project.

Has his interest in seeing that the full impact of his nation's industry and generosity be appreciated by the masses abroad borne fruit despite personal setbacks? That it has not is revealed in the results of a survey of the New York City waterfront made by an investigator for the Senate Com-

mittee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce in May, 1956. The survey shows:

"Considerable foreign aid cargo is arriving at the Army Port of Embarkation either not marked or improperly marked, with peeling paper labels, illegible stencils and labels disproportionately small for the size of the crates."

A check of 300 commercial shipments awaiting loading on New York City docks showed that 40% were not marked at all with their country of origin, and only 10% were marked in accordance with the 1953 congressional resolution.

John Shaughnessy will tell you that as far as he's concerned the battle's not half over.

DAY AFTER day he can be found on the Brooklyn waterfront where he ekes out a living as a part-time checker. A one-man, self-appointed inspection team, he'll wave a work-hardened hand towards crate after crate of unmarked goods and murmur softly to himself, "I've got to get another note

to the Department of Commerce."

"Why don't you give it up," his friends still urge. "You're not getting any younger."

"I won't say that I don't get discouraged now and then," Shaughnessy replies with a tight smile. "When I do I always remember an old Irish proverb that goes something like this: 'If you lose money, you've lost much. If you lose friends, you've lost more. If you lose courage, you've lost everything'."

But, on the credit side of the ledger, there is evidence of reawakening recognition of his struggle for the "Mark American" principle. Early this year the Kings County chapter of the Catholic War Veterans, at its annual convention, passed a resolution urging reinstatement of Shaughnessy in a job with the Federal Government; and, on May 21, the Hague Post of the American Legion (Manhattan) presented him with an Americanism Award.

But, as yet, no word from Washington.

"Best Man" or No One

The "best man" was originally one of the belligerents who helped the bridegroom carry off the bride by force. The custom came from an early period in Scandinavian history when no bold warrior considered it dignified to court a woman. Custom ruled that he should wait until the woman of his choice had been wooed by another. Then, when the marriage was to take place, he and a band of companions would sally forth to wrest the bride from her chosen bridegroom. One of the duties of the best man was to choose which one of the number was to marry the bride in case the groom and his assailant were killed in the fight.

—FRANCES RODMAN

Gone is the

by Willard A. Heaps

ALMOST every present-day middle-aged adult living in a northern state remembers the old Civil War veterans who marched in the parade and sat on the platform during the flow of oratory on past patriotic holidays.

Oldsters recall the fascination with which, as children, they listened in rapt attention while the ex-soldiers wove tales of their war-time experiences and exploits, watched the decoration of graves on Memorial Day, or attended dedication ceremonies of local monuments and statues commemorating Union Army heroes or soldiers.

These old soldiers are no more. Albert Woolson, who died in Duluth, Minnesota, on the second of August at the age of 109, was the sole surviving soldier of the Union Army and the last Civil War veteran who was a government pensioner.

As its single remaining member, the old veteran's death also marked the end of the once-powerful Grand Army of the Republic. The organization was dissolved on October 17 in the Federal District

Court of the District of Columbia. The Grand Army has thus passed into history.

The last annual meeting was held August 28 to September 1, 1949, at Indianapolis, Indiana, the scene of its first national gathering in 1866. This eighty-third and final encampment was attended by six of the 16 members then living, all over a hundred years old.

The U. S. Post Office Department issued a three-cent commemorative stamp at the time. In red, the official GAR color, it pictured an aged Grand Army member superimposed on a young Union Army soldier.

Since then the old veterans, members and non-members, have passed on, one by one. Albert Woolson, who had been a 17-year-old drummer boy in the War, outlived them all by three years.

The Grand Army of the Republic was in every way a phenomenon in American life and history. The membership throughout the years represented about a third of all veterans of the Union Army. Eligibility was 90 days of military



*The Grand Army of the Republic
had a marked effect on American life*

1890. The period of its most rapid growth, the 1880's marked an increase of 350,000 in that decade; 83,000 new members were enrolled in the year 1882 alone. From this apex the number steadily declined. After 1910 the years took their toll.

The organization was a powerful political force. At one time, because of the party affiliation of the majority of the members, opponents called it "The Grand Army of the Republicans." Their votes were decisive in the election of several GOP presidents.

IN ITS demands for pension legislation, the GAR became one of the largest, most vocal, and effective pressure groups in all American history. The association was credited with the passage of laws which were so inclusive that more than \$8,000,000,000 was disbursed by the government over the years, when billions of dollars were far from the commonplace budget items of today. All ex-soldiers, including non-members, and thousands of dependent wives and children were covered by the legislation it successfully sponsored.

or naval service and an honorable discharge, regardless of rank.

In the early decades of its existence the rolls showed a steady increase from 31,016 in 1878, the first year in which accurate records were kept, to a peak of 408,489 in

THE IDEA of an organization of veterans was the postwar brain-child of Dr. Benjamin Franklin Stephenson of Springfield, Illinois, who had served a two-year enlistment period with an Illinois regiment. The first post, numbering 12 members, was organized and chartered in Decatur, Illinois, on April 6, 1866. Interest spread rapidly to adjoining states, and the association became national, with members in every state, even in the South.

At its height, the Army numbered well over 7000 posts ranging in size from two dozen or less members in villages to more than 1000 in some cities. Nearly every veteran of prominence was enrolled, including five presidents—Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Harrison, and McKinley.

The uniform was a double-breasted dark blue coat with bronze buttons and a black wide-brimmed slouch hat of felt, with a golden wreath insignia and cord. The badge was a bronze star hung from a chiffon flag. On the star in relief were a soldier and sailor clasping hands in front of a figure of Liberty. To aid in identification when not in uniform, members wore the insignia in their lapels, leading them to be sarcastically termed "bronze button heroes." Members called each other "comrade."

The concept of the Grand Army was based upon three objectives—fraternity, charity, and loyalty.

The first ideal was encouraged through regularly-scheduled meetings of the local posts and joint gatherings with members from other posts. The "camp-fire" was its most popular activity. A group of comrades seated themselves around their hall or at the dinner tables, singing the old war songs, recounting their wartime experiences, and swapping accounts of their deeds.

The annual state and national meetings, called encampments, attracted thousands of members. From 1866 to 1949, cities in 22 states from Maine to Oregon were hosts, a number more than once. Railroads offered reduced rates and scheduled special trains. A considerable number of members who wished to relive their war years were always quartered in tents.

The Grand Army took the initiative in sponsoring combined gatherings of both Union and Confederate veterans as evidences that the old enmities were ended. Numerous were the occasions when the "boys" of the Blue and the Gray met on the sites of former battles and campaigns.

To carry out its second objective, charity, each post set up a fund for the relief of needy veterans, widows, and orphans. Rental, medical, and burial expenses were often paid; food and household goods were purchased; loans were arranged. Work was sometimes obtained for the needy.

The Army was also active in promoting soldiers' and orphans' homes. By 1890, as a result of its efforts, the former had been established in 16 states, the latter in seven. The soldiers' homes were later taken over by the government.

The third ideal, encouraging loyalty, was achieved through constant reminders to the young people, who had not lived through the War, of its significance in reuniting the divided nation. The Grand Army interested itself in contributing to, and soliciting funds for, monuments and memorials—busts and equestrian statues of Union soldiers and heroes, granite shafts, tablets, urns, and mounted cannon.

The Army also encouraged the preservation of Civil War sites, relics, and historic documents. Cannon and field-pieces were placed in many a town or courthouse square or park, and battle-stained flags, mementos, and papers were given to museums by GAR posts.

Scores of markers and tablets commemorating battles, landmarks, and birthplaces of famous Union soldiers, along roadsides and on buildings in the Northern states, were either put there by local posts or erected by state or local historical societies through Grand Army sponsorship.

IN ITS early days, the Grand Army scrupulously avoided the appearance of being anything more than

a fraternal organization. But politics soon began to be discussed in local post rooms, though forbidden by an 1869 rule.

The interest of the Army in pensions marked the beginning of its open participation in national politics. The rank and file of its membership soon realized the value of presenting a solid front to make demands upon legislators and congressmen. The vengeance of the entire body could be invoked in elections upon any man in public life who raised any objection to an Army-sponsored pension scheme becoming a law.

In 1862 President Lincoln had approved a bill providing pensions for soldiers who could prove permanent disability as a result of their military service. An 1879 act liberalized the conditions of payment, and thereafter the Grand Army became a recognized pressure group. The fates of political parties in several presidential elections depended upon the support of Army-sponsored pension bills. The defeat of Democratic President Cleveland for re-election in 1888 was due mainly to the fact that he had earlier vetoed a Dependent Pension Bill.

Harrison was elected with a definite commitment to additional pension legislation. The Disability Pension Act of 1890, which he signed on June twenty-seventh, covered every veteran having 90 days of service and some disability,

not necessarily incurred during or as a result of the War. Since most ex-soldiers were by that time of middle age, the way was thus open for almost universal claims by all veterans.

The Grand Army's part in this legislation resulted in a fantastic bill which for many decades was paid by the Government to all Union veterans of the Civil War and their survivors. From a total of a mere \$15½ million paid to 126,722 individuals in 1866, the cost jumped to \$106 million paid to 537,000 claimants in 1890, and a high peak of \$156 million to 966,000 in 1893.

The decrease in the number of veterans was balanced by an increase in dependents, with the result that \$174 million was paid to 820,200 individuals in 1913, when the Grand Army membership numbered only 180,000.

Discontinuance of Mr. Woolson's \$1620 annual pension now writes off the nation's obligations to its Civil War veterans, though over 5000 widows and children are still receiving regular payments.

THE PRINCIPAL legacy of the Grand Army of the Republic to the present life of the nation, however, is the annual observance of May 30 as Memorial Day.

At the suggestion of his wife, who had seen Confederate graves decorated by Southern women in Virginia, the Commander-in-Chief,

General John A. Logan, requested members of all posts to visit the graves of their fallen comrades on May 30, 1868. In response to his appeal, posts in 183 communities reported visiting local cemeteries.

In the next year the observance became well-established. Local posts in 336 communities in 31 states visited burial-places, gathering round the veterans' graves, decorating them with flowers, and honoring them with eulogies.

The pattern thus set was to be followed as long as the number of Army members merited its continuance. Indeed, it was not until after the first World War, when the aged veterans could no longer march and had to be driven in automobiles, that its Civil War character began to be supplanted by ceremonies for the dead of the more recent wars.

Still, most present-day adults will retain as one of their most vivid memories these traditional GAR-conducted observances. The parade, the public program with solemn patriotic music and recitations, the oration by a comrade or a distinguished speaker, and the decorating ceremony were as much a part of the annual calendar as the Fourth of July, which has now assumed greater importance.

But "old soldiers never die," and several tangible reminders will keep the memory of these veterans in mind for many years to come.

Scattered far and wide from

coast to coast in the Northern states are hundreds of monuments, commemorating Union Army units, regiments, and individuals. The majority of these were erected under the sponsorship of local GAR posts.

Many a courthouse square has its slab of granite on which are graven the rolls of the local boys in blue. The wooden bandstands under the leafy bowers in village parks serve as vivid reminders of past annual Memorial Day celebrations.

In almost any older cemetery today one can see the iron flagholders bearing the official Army badge, which members of local posts long ago placed on the graves of their comrades for identification in the decorating ceremonies. Contemporary veterans' organizations still re-

place the flags annually, in accordance with the old custom. Graves of veterans are often grouped around a single memorial shaft.

As the memories of the Civil War vanish into the cold, impersonal pages of our history books, modern automobile travelers will still be reminded of the veterans: U.S. Route 6 from the Atlantic to the Pacific has been designated as the Grand Army Highway, and markers line the route in the 14 states it traverses from Provincetown, Massachusetts, to Long Beach, California. Many of these states, such as Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, were among those most affected by the War.

A chapter in our nation's history is closed.

A True Gentleman

In the twenties, roller skating was unknown in our small Dakota town, so that when an enterprising promoter arrived with all the necessary equipment, everyone turned out.

Naturally, Mrs. Fulton, our eminent social leader, had to be among the first to try. Her husband was struggling valiantly to help her maintain her footing when suddenly he lost his own and went down.

Arms failing to keep her two hundred pounds upright, Mrs. Fulton moved down the hall like a drowning person seeking something to grasp. Poor little Mr. Miller didn't have a chance. Her powerful arms encircled him like a vise, but the gravitational pull on her great bulk was too much for both of them. With a flurry of skirts and a tangle of skates they hit the floor.

Mr. Miller was well-nigh invisible as she sat squarely on his middle. In her best platform voice she was heard to say indignantly, "Mr. Miller, if you were any kind of a gentleman, you would have made an attempt to hold me up."

With great dignity, the little man replied, "I beg your pardon, madam, but you are mistaken. I am still between you and the floor." —IRVIN H. STEVENS

This Is What They Said

► “Nobody has read the Constitution of the United States for 24 years as far as I know. It is the hardest thing to buy downtown (in Washington). You have to send down and wait until they dig it out of the archives.”—Senator Malone at hearings for Investigating the Financial Conditions of the United States, July 8, 1957

► They that give up essential liberty to obtain a little temporary safety deserve neither liberty nor safety.—Benjamin Franklin

► The most powerful man in America is Felix Frankfurter.—The late General Hugh Johnson.

► Am I therefore become your enemy, because I tell you the truth?—Gal. 4:16

► There is a serious snare in all this plea for tolerance . . . Tolerance is urged today for the sake of suppression. There can be no tolerance until there is first a full understanding of what is tolerated. Ignorance, suppression, silence, collusion—these are not tolerance.—Henry Ford, Sr.

► Christ came to bring light to them that sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death, to guide our feet into the way of peace.—Luke 1:79

► Communism is fostered in the United States by international bankers and war promoters who seek world control.—Warren G. Davenport, of Los Angeles.

► Our Atoms for Peace scheme is really “Atoms for War.”—“Offering to share our atomic wealth is in a class with the Chicago Police Department offering to share pistols and submachine guns with the Dillinger mob.”—Senator Joe McCarthy

► Our American civilization is now going down the drain, and not more than a handful of people are concerned about it.—Richard Arens, Director, House Un-American Activities Committee

► That philosophy which is taught in the classroom becomes the philosophy of government in the next generation.—Abraham Lincoln

► A nation that betrays its own soldiers deserves to perish.—General P. A. del Valle

► Never since the days of the fabled Atlas, has one man or country tried to carry the whole world on its shoulders, as United States leaders are forcing the American people to do.—Basic Brewer, Publisher, New Bedford (Mass.) Standard-Times

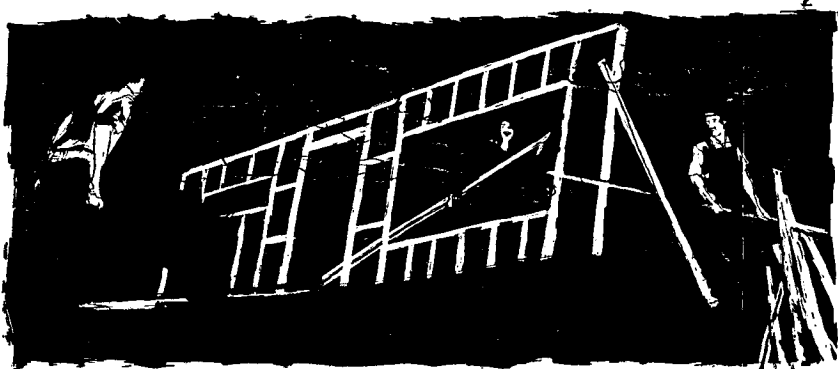
► Any nation that does not issue its own postage stamps and currency will eventually lose its freedom and is doomed for the scrap heap. The latter right was taken away by the international bankers in 1913, and very few are aware of it. We must demand Repeal or Re-purchase of the Federal Reserve System or look forward to a life of economic slavery for generations to come. The Federal Reserve Act provides the United States the option to buy the Federal Reserve System at any time for the present capital stock, which is 304 million dollars today. This purchase would eliminate the Root of our Economic Cancer.—W. B. Vennard, Sr.

► In regard to the Supreme Court: "It is the duty of every lawyer to speak out at any time against decisions with which they disagree."—Attorney General Louis C. Wyman, New Hampshire

► In the face of Communism from without and moral deterioration from within there is only one solution for our collective problems that can guarantee the survival of America . . . Christ is the only answer.—Dr. Billy Graham at Yankee Stadium

► Give me but the liberty of the press and I will give to the minister a venal house of peers. I will give him a corrupt and servile house of commons. I will give him the full swing of the patronage of office. I will give him the whole host of ministerial influence. I will give him all the power that place can confer upon him, to purchase up submission and overawe resistance; and yet, armed with the liberty of the press I will go forth to meet him undismayed. I will attack the mighty fabric of that mightier engine. I will shake down from its height corruption and bury it beneath the ruins of the abuses it was meant to shelter.—Richard Brinsley Sheridan

► A few months after re-election, *both Roosevelt and Eisenhower*, proposed a measure committing us to the construction of a *Socialist State*.
—Roger C. Dunn



DO YOU WANT TO BUILD

This is a venture for men and women of courage

DO YOU WANT to build a house? Congratulations—and condolences too—because *we* just built a house—and we know well that you will need sympathy to sustain you. We've emerged wiser, sadder, and, Heavens' knows, infinitely poorer.

I'm sure you've been through the stage of "We don't want to buy someone else's idea—we want our house just like we want it." Stop a moment and let me tell you my story.

At Christmas time we started looking for an architect. By February we had an appointment and a floor plan. It had to be reversed, have some brick slapped on it, and have the entrance changed to include an entrance hall. The house we ended up with had no more relation to the original than

a Pekinese has to a Great Dane, and it took four months to get the blueprints.

Let us suppose you have engaged an architect. You have agreed on brick, or stone, or wood; sliding, vertical, double-hung or horizontal windows; the number of bedrooms and baths; size of the kitchen (note to the ladies: fight like a tiger here—cry if necessary). You are debating combination living-room-dining-room versus two separate rooms.

At this point, our architect agreed on our choice of two rooms, but we wanted folding louvered doors from the dining room to the living room and to the entrance hall. We talked. He was polite but he disagreed. We were taking up too much wall space in the dining room. We

argued politely. He assented. The final blueprints came with a single door to the entrance hall. We changed the single door to a folding louvered one. It held us up for weeks, but we had to have new blueprints, anyway.

The plot plan showed our driveway 125 feet long—just 31 feet short of the house. And the turn-

A HOUSE?

by

Alice Macmillan DeRossitt

around was wide enough—perhaps—for a child to turn a kiddie-car. We fixed that, after I'd gotten in the car, backed around and ruined a couple of shrubs we had intended to move. I showed it couldn't be done. When I got back to where they were all standing, our architect looked at me sadly and said "*Some* people can run off a 30 foot street."

YOU ARE ready, you think. You have a floor plan, and a beautiful sketch. Take a good look at it because the house won't look anything like it. See those lovely trees, and gorgeous shrubbery? They don't exist. Your house, like ours, will be as naked as a new baby for years! You are now ready to pick out bathroom fixtures. You know the colors you want. Look around

at the wholesale plumbing house. Don't say "I wouldn't be caught dead with that lavatory". You may be.

We picked out an extra-special shower-head. We checked and double-checked that the correct number was written down. Was that the one that they installed at seven o'clock one rainy morning months later? You can bet your last dollar it wasn't. But we got the one we wanted—I threw a fit, and we got it. We also picked out our tile for the baths. When the tile came, was it peppermint-pink, as the man repeatedly swore it would be? It was the prettiest shade of purple, lavender, and orchid you ever saw. The tile man, whom we had called long-distance, hot-footed it over to the house bright and early—the only time we didn't have to wait half a day on him. No, he said, we couldn't get it down off the walls. It had been up there four days. The ce-



ment, you know. Our contractor said he bet he could get it down. And he did, with a wrecking bar, in four hours. It's now in the driveway as a fill. But our contractor stuck by us that time. We paid through the nose—but he stuck by us.

So take a hint. If you have to steal it, take a sample of your tile home and guard it. As for lighting fixtures and hardware: they will come either wrong or broken, —or the company will have stopped making them the day before your order.

We made three trips to the electric shop. The last time, the saleslady insulted me, me her, and I went to another place, opened an account for our contractor, and *brought* the fixtures home with me.

If you are going to use brick, you may well spend days trying to pick it out. We started early touring the brick yards. Anything we liked was either for a colonial house (ours is not) or was way, way too high. There was one we liked that would have been all right except for one thing. Usually a salesman will hit the bricks together to show how strong they are. This time the man didn't, so my husband picked two up and gave them a whack. I'll never forget the look on his face when they disintegrated into dust! Then one hot, hot day our contractor, who had been saying, "Lots of time to

pick out brick," changed his refrain. He not only needed them now; he really needed them yesterday.

My husband was sick in bed, so my little daughter and I went back. This time no one was so nice. The salesman knew us by then. I was the lady with little taste and no money. He said we had an average brick allowance at the start. What it all boiled down to was this: we had enough for common brick, if baked in a kiln in our back yard, but transportation three hundred miles—that's extra!

We went to a new place and found what we liked. Yes, the price was all right. The salesman said he'd get on the phone and call the company long distance: this was a rush job! I said goodbye; but not for long. We went back three times, the brick was overdue five weeks, and they unloaded it at 10 o'clock on a bitterly cold night while my husband held the flashlight. Did they start laying brick the next morning? No they didn't touch a one for four months.

BUT JUST WAIT until you get the foundation down. The subflooring is in, studs up and roof on. Sounds like fun. It is. You sit there and watch the snow sift in —over the windows in the middle of the living room floor. You beg, "Why can't you put the windows

in? The snow's all over everywhere." Can't do it right now, you're told. By the time they get the windows in, half the panes are broken. About this time the people you meet down town don't ask how the house is coming. They launch into how patient you are; they couldn't be that patient.

But one day I decided to lose my temper. I went home, called the architect long distance and blessed him out. Was there a flurry of work—did things speed up? The only visible result was that our contractor talked to me three days later about taking the Dale Carnegie course, so that I would learn getting mad never helped!

Suppose you are now at the stage of sheet rock finished, wood-work up. You pick out a color for the bedroom. Something simple, like lipstick red—and you have a sample. What do you get? Shocking pink. You decide on a grey-blue to match your turquoise bath. (They ran out of tile in there twice. By the time the tile men leave *this* job, they hate you, you hate them, and it's sheer heaven to see them go.) You get electric blue: you wouldn't need a light in there, on the darkest night! So you end up with plain grey.

I was going to be smart about the kitchen color. I would help mix it. It was during the discussion about the color of this room that our contractor told me "You don't know nothing about color".

YOU'RE finally through. Those hundreds (when you didn't need them) of carpenters—and the two who really built the whole house, are leaving. You feel a little sad, seeing them go—you know them better than your own family by now. But you think, "Now as soon as it's inspected by the architect, and the FHA it will be ours."

Everything is squared away, except the money. Don't think about it yet. You have lots of sleepless nights ahead on that subject. You have fainted and recovered over the list of extras. You have bought furniture which has come broken, been cancelled out, or had a horrible price increase. Your draperies are hung.

The great day arrives (they could have built a Pyramid in less time) and you move. Was it all worth it? You have a few new grey hairs and your dispositions are wrecked—but yes, it was worth it. You walk through your spanking new house, admiring it. If the kids start fighting you can send them to separate rooms. You can take a bath without someone knocking the door down.

You love to cook again, the kitchen is such a dream. You sit out on the screened porch at night and watch television and think "this is living!"

Now that the smoke from the war has finally cleared, you realize you have a distinct fondness for all the people who worked to

bring about this pleasant home. The architect was just all right—and a true Southern gentleman to boot.

As for the contractor—well, you could never really get mad at him, and now you're glad you didn't. You remember the day he jumped

clear across the front porch when he saw you coming and beat it (he swears he *didn't* see you) and you laugh, and decide that at that point he probably did a very smart thing.

But would you build again? NEVER!

HELPING THE COMMUNISTS

The tragic truth is that our sacrifices are not strengthening our own defenses. They are *not* giving us any "triumph over the Godless tyranny centered in the Kremlin."

Time and again, the American government—the "anti-communist" administration in Washington—has taken quick and determined action which saved the beastly tyrants in the Kremlin from destruction at the hands of their own victims.

For example, in the fall of 1956 at the very moment when President Eisenhower was making public statements about how his heart went out to the anti-communist patriots in Hungary, *the President's State Department was taking action which enabled the Russians to destroy the Hungarian patriots.*

Fulton Lewis, Jr., reported the following story: "At the height of the November fighting, the Hungarian underground, finally despairing of U. S. aid, appealed to General Franco for weapons. The resolutely anti-communist Spanish government agreed to deliver desperately needed anti-tank equipment, provided the Spanish airmen were assured a refueling station before the return trip.

"The West German government, at the risk of pitiless Soviet reprisals, agreed to permit the secret landing and refueling on their soil of the Spanish planes. Both governments understood the Spanish mission, if successful, would finally break the back of Kremlin tyranny.

"The U. S. State Department through its intelligence agents learned of the audacious liberation plan. With unwonted dispatch its representatives applied discreet but heavy pressures on West Germany and Spain. Deprived of weapons, the Hungarian freedom fighters were finally crushed."

Thus, the administration not only abandons its own liberation policy, but *prevents* the liberation of the martyred satellite peoples through aid from more resolute governments.

Take the case of Stuart Whitehill Kellogg, an American student in West Germany. In November, 1956, Kellogg went to Hungary to help fight the communists. When he returned to West Germany, he learned that the United States State Department had put pressure on the West German government to expel him from the country. When Kellogg returned from fighting the communists, the United States consulate revoked his passport and issued him a new one—valid only for a one-way, direct trip back to the United States. Kellogg sought asylum in West Germany, saying that if he returned to America, *the American government would prosecute him for having fought against the communists in Hungary.*

Compare the case of Kellogg—an American citizen—with that of thousands of Hungarian refugees who were brought into America, at American taxpayers' expense, in violation of America's carefully worked out immigration laws. They were hailed as freedom fighters by the President and other high officials of the United States government. In fact, however, many of them were communist espionage agents; and there are few among them who ever lifted a finger against communism.

SPEECH OF THE MONTH

"MORE YANKEE TRADE—LESS FOREIGN AID"

From time to time the AMERICAN MERCURY will present speeches made by well-known people to various groups, when those speeches seem to be of such value and importance as to merit a nation-wide audience. The following is excerpted from an address which was made before the Export Managers Club of New York, Inc., by Mr. Castle, author of "The Great Giveaway," published by Henry Regnery Company, Chicago.

EARLY in the century when the then President Theodore Roosevelt urged that our nation "speak softly but carry a big stick," the United States established a policy which came to be known as "dollar diplomacy." It meant the use of American diplomatic power to promote our financial interests abroad so that Americans could invest in overseas enterprises with a minimum of risk.

However, "dollar diplomacy" did not set well with the liberals of that day. They decried the use of diplomatic and military pressure to insure investments, and dollar diplomacy was roundly denounced as a wicked form of meddling in the affairs of foreign countries.

Today, we are confronted—and often confounded—with a new kind of dollar diplomacy. It, too,

involves the use of American money abroad, but today we are dealing in billions instead of millions. And, since the billions are public funds provided solely by the American taxpayers, there is an amazing and ever-growing nonchalance in the way our bureaucrats in Washington ladle out the money overseas. When mistakes, waste and unwarranted extravagances result from our giveaways, no apologies for the errors in public spending are ever made. Instead, the demands for foreign spending are increased, as year after year, particularly at appropriation time, "new crisis" and dangers are brought forth until the aid budgets are rammed through the Congress. As soon as this is accomplished the "crisis" promptly disappears until the next year rolls around.

Of course, profit is no longer our motive. Instead the requesters yell to Congress and to high heaven that if they can't obtain all of the money they demand, the world will come to an end. But the world does not come to an end.

The Marshall Plan was originally offered to a skeptical Congress as a means of rehabilitating the war-ravaged countries of Europe. We were told that 17 billion dollars and four years would do the job.

But it did not stop there. Since the world began, the Marshall Plan has had no parallel in the resultant spending of the resources of one nation for foreign aid.

We sent our dollars marching 60 billion strong over the far reaches of the earth in quest of Mutual Security. The prize, like a will o' the wisp, eluded us.

Before I express my views further, let me make it perfectly clear that even if Congress did not appropriate one single dollar of new money for foreign aid, there will be spent not less than \$3.3 billion during the fiscal year that begins next July 1st. Additionally, there are \$7½ billions already appropriated and in the Washington pipeline to continue foreign aid for more than two years.

In the light of recent events, surely the time has arrived for all Americans, both in and out of government, to reappraise critically our foreign aid spending as a matter of our own self-interest.

From the year 1792 to 1950, our government collected \$406 billion in taxes.

From 1950 through 1956, our government collected \$433 billion in taxes.

For \$406 billion in 158 years, we fought and won six wars.

For \$433 billion in 7 years we fought one war in Korea without victory; we fought and are still fighting a Cold War that we seem to be losing even in Formosa and, more recently, with our allies in Great Britain.

NEITHER individuals or nations are made friendly or even grateful by handouts. Those who are given money soon think it is owed to them. The assumption that the more money we give away the more good we accomplish is wrong—very wrong. For the emotions which really influence people—pride, custom, race, religion and national enthusiasms are completely ignored. It is also wrong because it leads to frantic efforts on the part of our foreign aid representatives to stir up projects in other countries which have not been requested and, in many cases, are not wanted.

Let us consider a few of these projects:

It was recently announced that the United States has given one million dollars to Pakistan to bolster that country's fishing industry. In Formosa, we have set up a pen-

sion program for over-aged Chinese soldiers.

In the Philippines we have provided costly electronic microscopes and technical equipment for a section of that country where no power is available.

In Afghanistan we have provided expensive airfields in a country where most travel is still done on the backs of camels.

In Thailand we started to build a highway for \$6.5 million dollars that has already cost us \$18 million for half of the originally planned stretch and in a country which has fewer than 9,000 automobiles.

In India we provided \$1,500,000 to build hundreds of prefabricated grain silos. The material, still uncrated, rests in warehouses in Calcutta and we are probably paying the storage bill.

In India, too, we have 400 people to administer our giveaway program. They can't spend the money as fast as it is piped to them. They have a backlog of \$135,000,000 and the International Cooperation Administration is trying desperately to obtain \$80,000,000 or more a year on top of what we are already giving India.

To TITO we are still exporting military jets and treasure despite the fact that the Yugoslav dictator repeatedly reminds us that his relations with Moscow are improving.

Every year, at Appropriation

time, the giveaway mania has become a non-partisan path to the headlines for our legislators in Washington. For instance:

Senator Kennedy, a Democrat is anxious to give away \$100,000,000 to the government of Communist Poland. This will not help the people of Poland. It will only help to relieve Moscow of some of its satellite overhead that it is so anxious to get rid of.

Under-Secretary of State Dillon, a Republican, has become an eager-beaver sponsor for the new two-billion-dollar handout, without strings, to the underdeveloped nations of the world. Dillon very politely calls it a loan.

Congressman James Roosevelt, a Democrat, seriously suggests that we should internationalize our Panama Canal to please Egypt's Nasser who has shown no desire to please us.

Don't forget—we built the Panama Canal. We paid for it. We own it. If we should ever internationalize it, some Russian Commissar could decree that ships flying the Stars and Stripes could not enter the canal. In time of war our fleet would be bottled up. The memories of most of us are short. Too many of us forget that our Armed forces fought, bled and died by the tens of thousands to win the war in Europe. After victory was accomplished and the enemy lands were reduced to piles of rubble, our politicians and the Military

Commander of that day forgot to get a road out of Berlin for Americans. The costly Berlin airlift in half free, half slave Germany resulted. This fatal error is largely responsible for the precarious position we find ourselves in today. This tragic mistake became immediately apparent to Stalin. The cold war that has cost us tens of billions of dollars resulted.

These are but a few examples of why perhaps we fail to hold the respect and support of allies or neutrals. Our foreign aid extravagances will never prove a substitute for firm foreign policies and sound pronouncements.

Senator Lyndon Johnson, Majority Leader of the United States Senate and a respected legislator, stated recently that Congress would not write any "blank checks" for foreign aid and "will not surrender the right to annual checkup on the program."

But more recently the powerful Senate Foreign Relations Committee after reducing the White House multi-billion dollar aid request by less than 6%, endorsed, by an almost overwhelming majority, an aid program for the new fiscal year which Senator Johnson now both supports and sponsors.

IF THE four items contained in this overall aid authorization, were adopted by the responsible officials of any publicly held United States corporation, these officials

would, very likely, face federal prosecution:

Here are the items:

No. 1. The budget of the Department of Agriculture includes \$750,000,000 of foreign aid for the next three years, which certainly should be added to the total foreign aid bill. This item should not be concealed from the American people as at present.

Moreover, foreign currency received from these food sales spells trouble for us because it means interference in the internal banking affairs of other countries through lending and relending large sums of money within their country. Only 10% of the "soft" currencies received from food aid sales is used for the maintenance of our own overly-populated government establishments within a given country. The balance of 90% puts us in the foreign banking business with foreign currency, obviously a threat to the normal conduct of the fiscal affairs of any country.

Furthermore, it dumps a large volume of government held food supplies, at less than cost, on foreign countries receiving them, thereby restricting the normal procedures of foreign trade.

2. Nearly a billion dollars of "defense support" largely duplicates economic aid. The sum of \$900,000,000 now demanded for "defense support" is another scheme to attempt to justify the expenditure of this vast sum in

countries where we already have military aid programs.

YEAR after year, the President, the State Department and the highest officials and lobbyists for the Executive Departments plead for larger foreign aid appropriations.

Year after year, the principal argument is that we are spending three quarters of all aid funds for military purposes and only one quarter for economic aid. However, in the case of this latest plan, the "defense support" funds are to be reallocated to the International Cooperation Administration, so that it ends up as before in the economic aid pipeline and not in the percentages that are given to stimulate the superspending.

3. Now it is planned to hide foreign military aid from the Congress by incorporating it in our Defense budget where it will forever repose in the spending stream that runs through the Pentagon!

If Congress allows this to happen it means that the so-called military aid funds will be separated from the economic aid funds in the overall budget. Actually, \$2 billion dollars will be hidden from Congressional supervision, so that it will be almost impossible for our legally constituted legislators to know how much is being spent for military aid and whether or not it is being used exclusively for military hardware and training.

The purpose of this is, of course, to reduce the overall foreign aid budget in the eyes of the public—to conceal \$2 billion annually from both the Congress and from the American people. In the end, it will cost the American taxpayers more billions because the visible part of the aid budget will go up and the defense budget already plagued by inflation, will become a military secret, and a more costly one.

This is a dishonest technique. It should be condemned and rejected.

4. A new two billion dollar "blank check" proposal calls for an outright authorization of two billion dollars to be spent at the rate of \$500,000,000 for the first year and \$750,000,000 for each of two succeeding years. No strings are to be attached to the spending. This vast sum will be given away at the discretion of the Department of State and the International Cooperation Administration and no geographical spread has been defined.

It should be recalled that the last Congress flatly refused to give the President a blank check for \$100,000,000 per year for ten years. Now under a new authorization the same President boldly demands another "blank check" for his appointed, not elected, global spenders to ladle out two billion dollars over a three year interval. And to toss out these billions where they

please, when they please and as they please!

If Congress permits this new foreign aid folly the American taxpayers are stuck not only for three years and two billion dollars but very possibly forever and for many times two billion dollars!

Secretary of State Dulles, pleading for bigger foreign spending and as little Congressional supervision of the spending as is possible, told a committee of Congress that foreign aid must go on for at least ten years more. This means 50 to 60 billion dollars more!

Our aim should be to reduce the annual appropriation for all foreign aid, both economic and military, to one billion dollars. This would stop the present waste.

There are many more effective and less costly ways of assisting other countries in their economic development than direct handouts from the Federal Treasury.

We need more Yankee traders and less foreign aiders to stimulate the flow of American capital into needy and underdeveloped nations through the incentive of fast tax write-offs, such as are now granted to industries engaged in defense production.

Another way would be to expand the capacity of the World Bank to make long-term, low-interest loans to worthy nations upon the security of such collateral as natural resources or industrial potential.

IN SO DOING, the United States would be able to achieve its goal without insulting the beneficiaries of its assistance—and without bankrupting the American people. One thing is certain—we cannot save the world by destroying ourselves.

To me, one of the most alarming aspects of our foreign aid program is that so many well meaning people have been persuaded that this vast array of money we are spending will buy us future security.

The record shows and will continue to show that we have not bought one iota of protection in case of necessity in spite of the great sacrifices we have been called upon to make. Recent new dispatches from Japan, Formosa, and other countries report numerous manifestations of anti-American sentiment. Even Western Europe, according to the United Press, is extending a cool reception to American tourists.

Not being satisfied with giving aid to our friends and allies, we have given billions to the so-called "neutralist" nations, together with vast quantities of military supplies. No thought has been given to the stark peril that in some future time these very arms might be hurled against our own sons.

What is the reason for our "policy of panic?"

Why must our policies be governed by crude Russian propagan-

da—rather than the application of our own reasoning and logic?

Perhaps the answer lies in the fact that Congress has abdicated much of its constitutional responsibility over appropriations. When larger amounts than can possibly be spent in a single year are appropriated for economic aid, Congress loses control of the purse strings.

Congress has been handing to the ICA, and its predecessor agencies, billions of dollars of the people's money without any previous determination of how the money is to be spent, and without audit or accurate check to determine whether the money was spent for the purposes intended.

FOREIGN AID has become more than a continuous drain upon the American taxpayer. It has become an opiate which blinds us to the appalling fact that we are doing little more than drift in our foreign policy course. It has given us a comfortable and deceptive belief that money is a substitute for strength and firmness in a Cold War. Behind our Maginot Line of foreign-aid billions, we have hoaxed only ourselves with the conviction that we have purchased security.

And these are added reasons why we need more Yankee traders. The ability to trade commands respect, wins friends and prevents wars.

The foreign aid program is today supplanting the private investor and in a large measure competing with the sound expansion of foreign trade.

The sterile hand of state is now interposed between human wants and demands and the private initiative which can supply them.

Several months ago our Congressmen got the surprise of their lives. The people rebelled against the excesses of the super-spenders in Washington and their protests descended upon the legislators in an avalanche, the like of which they had never seen before. For a time, Congress took notice and took out the economy knife. Then the people stopped protesting and the spending went into high gear again, spurred by the powerful propaganda from the President, his assistants and lobbyists.

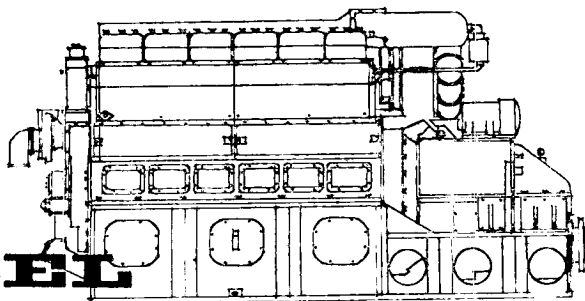
One problem now before us is to get politicians and their appointed global givers out of foreign aid and substitute the safer, surer and sounder methods of our own Yankee traders.

A talkative woman passenger on an airplane going to France was keeping a male passenger awake with her flowing conversation.

"It must be a great experience to go faster than sound," said the woman.

"It would be a blessing right now," replied the weary listener.

—BOB BROWN



DIESEL

and His Engine

by M. R. Kappmeyer

*The world will long feel the influence of this inventive genius—
and puzzle over the mystery of his disappearance*

RUDOLPH DIESEL and two friends boarded the Antwerp-Harwich steamer on the evening of September 29, 1913, to cross the English Channel. They were to arrive in London the next day for a conference with the British Admiralty on the use of diesel engines on British submarines and then Diesel was to attend the inauguration of a diesel manufacturing plant in England.

Following dinner the three men leisurely strolled the deck of the steamer, *Dresden*, and retired to their staterooms after cheerful good nights. A few minutes later, Diesel knocked on the door of his friend, George Carels' room, shook his hand, and again wished him good night.

The next morning Diesel did not appear on deck. When his friends went to his stateroom, they found his night things lying there

unused, undisturbed. There was never any evidence to indicate whether Rudolph Diesel had jumped, fallen, or been pushed from the ship that night but he had disappeared and no trace of his body was ever found and identified.

Rudolph Diesel caused a revolution . . . a gradual, continuous change from steam to oil power. Today diesel engines power fast locomotives, modern ocean liners, tractors, trucks, submarines, generators, and heavy machinery of many types. After introducing his new type engine, Diesel became a wealthy and famous engineer. The world thought him successful.

Rudolph Diesel was a man, whose pride had developed from childhood, when his parents' compliments had made him aware of his intelligence and handsome ap-

pearance. But his parents buffeted him between extremes of compliments and severe reproofs. Once he disassembled a cuckoo clock but could not put it together after exploring its mechanism. His father, who had a fierce temper, tied the boy to a large piece of furniture to punish him. Another time Rudolph tried to talk his way out of punishment by telling an untruth. His punishment was to wear the sign, "I am a liar," to school. The severe training made Rudolph sulky and defiant at times.

The Diesel family was descended from a long line of Bavarian craftsmen. When Rudolph was born, in 1858, his family was poor. His father ran a small leather goods shop in Paris. Rudolph's mother added to the family income by giving French, German, and English lessons. The family's three languages later helped Rudolph in his life in France and Germany and during his visits to England and the United States.

When the Franco-Prussian War started, Rudolph was 12. Authorities requested his family, as German aliens, to leave France. They fled to London. When the family income soon became too small his parents shipped Rudolph to an uncle in Augsburg. There he entered the trade school where he decided at 14 to become an engineer. When he was 17, he was

graduated with the highest grades ever received there.

He wanted to continue studying, but his father violently opposed the idea of spending money to learn theories. Rudolph had become independent of his family during their long separation, and his strong will won the battle. He accepted a scholarship to study at Munich.

WHILE a student at Munich Institute, Diesel had the first idea for his new type engine. Professor Karl von Linde, a pioneer in mechanical refrigeration, was an expert in thermodynamics, the study of heat and energy. He lectured to his thermodynamics class on the clumsy inefficiency of the steam engine, declaring that about 80 to 90 percent of the energy of coal was wasted. Rudolph realized the need for a more efficient way of producing power and jotted in his notebook, "The possibility suggests itself of putting the energy to work more directly."

Diesel's scholastic record at Munich was so impressive that upon graduation his professors came in a body to shake his hand. He left for Paris to work in a plant that produced the von Londe ice machine and was successively employed there as engineer, manager, purchasing and selling agent, and patent expert. He had married a German girl, who lived with his

parents until he was established in Paris.

WHILE in Paris, Diesel invented a way to make ice at the table in a carafe. Another of his inventions was a way to make "clear ice." A third invention was an ammonia bomb to confuse the enemy without killing them. This humane way to fight appealed to Diesel but was rejected by the world as ridiculous.

The idea for an engine grew when Diesel worked with von Linde's ice-making machine. From it he observed that heat gives off energy when it falls to a lower temperature. He was impressed by the amount of heat generated when gases are compressed. Diesel kept those ideas alive and spent hours investigating them. Many mornings his wife found him asleep at his desk.

Diesel returned to Germany, this time to Berlin, to take charge of von Linde's ice-making business. In 1893 he published a description of his engine, which appeared as *The Theory and Construction of a Rational Heat Motor*.

The book received a chilly reception from those who said, "It's only a paper engine. Wait until he tries to construct it!"

However, Diesel had been trained as a scientist and had worked as a modern inventor. He realized a problem; then he tried to solve the problem in his mind

and on paper by applying theories and experiences. His next step was to construct a working model from these theories.

The engine was a rational application of theoretical principles, but the skeptics did not believe it possible.

Diesel's engine worked on the principle of compressing air until it was so hot that fuel injected into it ignited spontaneously. The piston pulled in pure air, then drove the air toward the cylinder head. The piston compressed the air to about one-sixteenth its usual volume. The temperature of the compressed air was about 1,000 degrees Fahrenheit. Then the hot air spontaneously ignited the fuel that was dropped or sprayed into the cylinder. The combustion drove back the piston, fresh air rushed in, and the process began again.

The production of his first engine might have been a failure to someone else, but Diesel completed the model and was ready to put the engine into operation. The trial began. Vaporized fuel was forced into the hot compressed air of the cylinder. A crash resounded, and metal fragments flew into the air. Diesel just missed being killed. But his experiment was not a failure. He said, "I knew just then what I wanted to know. It was proved possible to compress pure air so highly that the fuel injected into it ig-

nited!" The experiment proved his theory was correct. He had only to improve on the working parts of the engine.

Two of Germany's largest machinery manufacturers, seeing the logic in Diesel's plans, supplied him with the money and facilities of their shops to develop the engine. Diesel's forceful and likeable personality, his ambition, his training, and his high intelligence helped him along the road to success.

Diesel put his motor on public display for the first time in 1898. Engineers from all over the world went to Munich to see the revolutionary engine. Businessmen were ready to invest in its production.

The diesel engine used fuel economically, lessened fire hazards, and gave good heat efficiently. Compared to the steam engine, the diesel engine was cleaner to operate, occupied less space, and required less physical energy from its operators. It could burn almost any fuel, including coal dust, petroleum oil, mineral oil, tar oil, and even castor oil. In 1935 C. L. Cummins, president of Cummins Engine Company, drove a diesel-powered passenger car from Los Angeles to New York. The fuel cost for the 3,774 mile trip was \$7.63. The car, using ordinary fuel, got 34.6 miles to a gallon.

The early diesel engines burned coal dust. Their size, clumsiness, and slowness limited their use to stationary engines and marine power. The early diesels of 20 to 30 horsepower were two to three times as efficient as the steam engine. As numerous men improved on Diesel's invention, the engine became useful for many jobs.

Because of its abundance of fuel, the United States was slow to accept the diesel engine. Diesel said, "Nowhere in the world are the possibilities of this prime mover so great as in the United States." Today Diesel's statement appears true. Many of the trucks, tractors, locomotives and heavy machines in the United States are diesel-powered.

Diesel's engine made him a millionaire. He sold all rights to manufacture diesel engines in the United States and Canada to Adolphus Busch, the St. Louis brewer, for a million gold marks. He received royalties of seventy thousand marks a year from patent deals in Germany and England. A single German company paid him stock plus more than a million marks. Diesel formed his own company at Augsburg to manufacture the engines and he spent most of his remaining life there perfecting the engine.

Unfortunately, most of his wealth was in stocks, not cash. Because he did not know how to invest or save his money, he soon

was suffering huge financial losses. Yet, he was proud—so proud that he kept his financial ruin secret from everyone, even his family.

ENVIOUS INVENTORS and UNSCRUPULOUS businessmen tormented Diesel with unjust and minimizing comments upon his achievements. His nerves were quivering under the burdens of lawsuits, extremes of anticipation and despair, and financial failure. He wrote, "It's amazing that a man should be compelled to sacrifice time, money and health to counteract the evil fantasies of others whose only object is to steal your ideas and to crush your hopes!"

In March of 1912 Diesel and his wife came to the United States. He received honors and college degrees. All that time he was suffering from the knowledge of his almost bankrupt condition. He revealed some of his painful thoughts to his son when he said, "How foolish of us to entertain

too lofty ambitions!" Another time he remarked, "Better no success at all, than a small measure of success with so many heartaches." But the world valued Diesel's "small measure of success" on another scale. It thought he had triumphed.

Not long after a family vacation in Sicily, Diesel boarded the *Dresden*. A week after Diesel's disappearance, the crew of a Dutch ship pulled aboard a body. After removing the contents of the pockets, they dropped the body overboard. Rumor said that a coin purse, pocket knife, and spectacle case were later identified as Diesel's, but the body was never identified.

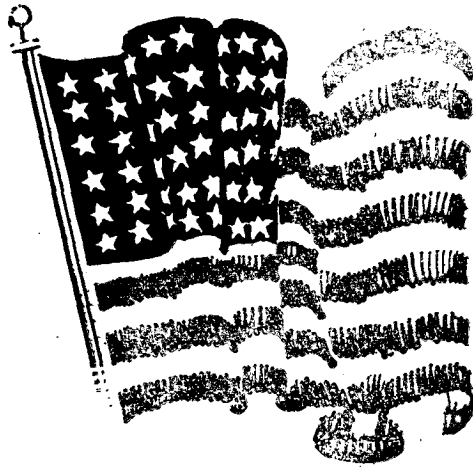
No one knows the secret of Diesel's disappearance. Some said German agents murdered him. Others believed he accidentally fell from the ship into the choppy water. Still others chose to call the disappearance suicide. The world may never know the answer to Diesel's disappearance, but it will long feel his influence.

There Must Be Another Way

A fella we know was telling of the fun he used to have with his wife at the beach. He told of how she used to bury him in the sand; then he would bury her in the warm sand.

"And I suppose that one of these days," he remarked rather thoughtfully, "I should go back there and dig her up. . . ."

—M. R. BEASLEY



TO ALL NEW CITIZENS

By Judge Clyde S. Shumaker

NEWLY MADE citizens: I am proud to address each of you as a citizen of the United States of America. You are at last a citizen.

Your long standing wishes and your dreams of many a day and many a night have this hour been fully realized and have all come true.

I know that you are filled with pride and throb with joy and excitement as you realize that you are "At last a citizen."

Your reasons for coming to America are many. Some of you were doubtless attracted to these shores by glowing accounts in letters sent you by friends and relatives already established here. You may have been persuaded to set sail or fly to the "States" by one wearing the uniform of this country and who made favorable impression upon you in your former country.

Undoubtedly, you learned some-

how, from some source, that here was a land of opportunity, a land of freedom, a good place where your children may be given possibilities that you were never afforded. The advantages of education may have been suggested as a sales-point for the United States.

You may have come here to escape—escape from a type of government where your life was not your own. Perhaps you lived in fear or with sad and horrible memories of aggression, oppression, starvation and hardship.

Whatever was your motive for coming here, it matters not. Nor are we concerned with the place of your birth or the country you heretofore claimed as yours. We are not interested in your worldly assets and do not propose to seize them as property of the state.

WE NOW welcome you as full-fledged Americans—welcome you to enjoy with us a nation without an “iron curtain,” a country in which you may enjoy freedom of speech and opportunity to suggest and even criticize, without fear of arrest and prosecution.

Here you may worship God as you know Him according to the dictates of your own conscience and in the faith of your fathers, as did our founding forefathers—without fear of imprisonment.

Here we have, foster and encourage free enterprise. No place else in the world can a poor individual,

as countless thousands have done here, start a small business and see it grow and develop into a great industry or commercial enterprise. No place elsewhere can one of humble birth have the possibilities and opportunities of rising to such heights. Abraham Lincoln’s log cabin birth, lack of formal education, want of social and economic background influence, his belief that ours is “a government of the people, by the people and for the people” and his rise to the Presidency of this Republic, his fight against slavery, and his immortality in the hearts of all Americans are known throughout the world and to you, I am sure.

Here in America it matters not who you were or what were your antecedents. We are only concerned with what you are and what will be your service or contribution. You are now one of us, with all of our rights, privileges and immunities.

Heretofore, you have been known as a foreigner—a name actually meaning that you were of a foreign country—but a name you resented because of the way it has been misused. From this day on the name foreigner does not apply to you. You are as a child by adoption. The law has made you a legal heir as effective as though by natural birth. As a citizen you are entitled to all we can provide in the way of protection, at home or abroad.

But being a citizen carries with it certain responsibilities, some of which I now call to your attention. You have pledged allegiance to this country, and by doing so you are required to protect and defend it and may be called upon, in case of national emergency to bear arms and to serve in one of our fine branches of Military Service. Like those born here you may, but God forbid, be required to lay down your life that our democracy and way of life may continue, and that our land may not be invaded or destroyed by aggressive nations, classified as our enemies.

YOUR citizenship entitles you to become a registered voter and I call upon you to make inquiry concerning and inquire about our political parties, choose one, register to vote, and at election time learn what you can about the candidates for public office and issues being submitted to the voters and make your choice and selection by entering your voting booth and casting your ballot, thereby taking part in governing yourselves.

As a citizen we expect you to join in all worthy causes and enterprise for public betterment and improvement.

Your American citizenship automatically and without more ado makes you a citizen of one of our great states, a citizen of a county, and a citizen of the city, borough or township in which you reside.

Use, therefore, every effort to help us make and keep your community a better place in which to live.

Unfortunately indeed, we have in this country those who do not deserve to be here. Would we could deport all of them! I refer to visitors in our country whose motives for being here are not good. Those who are gathering information concerning us for foreign powers that our national defense may thereby be weakened.

Unfortunately also, we have among us many native born citizens who are not loyal to our government, whose philosophies of government are Un-American and whose activities are subversive. I charge you to do everything possible to instill in the hearts of those with whom you come into contact, the joy and satisfaction you have found in becoming an American citizen. You are in good position to teach appreciation of liberty and freedom to those who have grown to take our great government for granted and have allowed restless discontent to divert their thinking from a patriotic course.

You will find here in some small sections, social and economic unrest and you can help quiet the waters by making known your reasons for becoming a citizen.

By your oath, you have renounced allegiance to your native land. Let me assure you that this does not mean that you cannot keep and retain your love and af-

fection for your relatives and friends you left behind. You may retain your pride in your national background, but you owe no further allegiance to your former country. That allegiance is now due and owing to the United States of America.

FINALLY, I call your attention to our great flag and our national

anthem. May you ever and always respect this flag, support and defend it and the nation it represents, and may you join with us in singing proudly our patriotic song, as true and great citizens.

May God richly bless you and, "At last a citizen," may you find all the joy, success and happiness which you desire in these United States.

Beware of SUNFED!

Sunfed stands for Special United Nations Fund for Economic Development. If established by the General Assembly, it would be another of those weirdly named special UN agencies like ECOSOC and UNESCO.

The proposed organization was dreamed up by one Hans W. Singer, a special UN economic adviser, a British subject, and a great admirer of Soviet Russia.

If it comes into being as outlined by Singer, SUNFED will set up a 10-year, \$50,000,000,000 program for helping underdeveloped nations and areas improve themselves economically. Of this enormous sum, the United States will have to contribute 70%—\$35,000,000,000. That will come to \$3,500,000,000 a year out of the blood, sweat and toil of the U.S. taxpayer. It would be in proportion to our contributions to the other UN activities we bankroll directly and indirectly.

"It will be a heavy burden on U.S. taxpayers," Singer has cheerily admitted in a speech to a UN study group of American women, "but you'll just have to manage that. You'll get accustomed to paying the taxes. After all, American taxpayers paid \$65 billion for the war, and can be led to spend the same for SUNFED."

The other and worse half of this story is that SUNFED would deal out these huge sums as its controlling bureaucrats pleased, and the United States would have no say about which nations got the money.

Among the UN bureaucrats who would take part in dishing out the money would be Singer himself, the Polish Communist W. R. Malinowski, and the British Socialist David A. D. K. Owen. Singer, incidentally, is a great friend of Gunnar Myrdal, another UN economist chiefly notorious for his hatred of the U.S. economic system.

With characters like these in charge, you can have one guess as to where billions of your tax money would go. They would go to help shore up Communist, Socialist and semi-Socialist countries around the world—while Communists everywhere exult in the spectacle of Capitalist Uncle Sam bleeding himself to keep Marxism alive, fat and sassy.

This plan to milk the United States for another \$35,000,000,000 deserves the condemnation, we think, of all real Americans.

*A country doctor discovers
the meaning of his profession*

Pay for Dr. Paul

by Allen Rankin

YOUNG Dr. Paul S. Mertins, Jr., was tired and discouraged when the knock came at the door.

"Come in." Warily he raised his head from his office desk. "Oh, it's you, Mr. Atkin."

The sight of the greying farmer in the clean but ragged overalls did nothing to revive his spirits. Mertins, just beginning his practice as a throat specialist in Montgomery, Alabama, was a worried man. Too much money had been going out lately for the equipment he had to have to get started. The country was in the depths of the depression and patients—however willing—just couldn't pay for their medical attention. One glance at the sickly, worn-out looking man from Pigeon Creek and Mertins guessed he would be no exception.

Nervously, the farmer crumpled and uncrumpled an old wool hat in his hands. "Dr. Paul," he said, "I come to pay you what I owe you. Ain't no doubt about it, you saved my baby Elvira's life. We thank you, and I want to pay what it's worth to you."

Ha, thought Mertins, that was



funny! He could have charged a rich client a great deal of money for what he had done for the Atkin child. But here in the Deep South so many of his patients were poverty-ridden. Often it was not a question of stating a fair or even a sensible bill, but of arriving at the maximum meagre figure these people could afford. Still, he would have to charge something.

"You know I haven't got much, Doc," the farmer was already beginning to defend himself. "My mule died this year and the weevils got my crop and . . ."

"I know." Mertins was all sympathy. But to himself he wondered: Why did I ever decide to become a doctor, anyway? And, if so, why did I choose this place to practice in?

Aloud to the farmer he said, "Mr. Atkin, I'll make it as light as I can. But you know we had a very rough time with Elvira."

In the plainest non-medical terms he reviewed the case. "You realize," he told the farmer gently, "that Elvira's condition was so critical I had to stay with her three days and three nights and let the rest of my practice slide. We also had to use a lot of drugs."

"I know, Dr. Paul. And I want to pay you what it's worth." Atkin spoke humbly, sincerely. Yet, he showed his dread, tensed like a man awaiting sentence, as he said: "You name it, Doc. I'll pay it . . . somehow."

"Well, Mr. Atkin . . ." The doctor had arrived at his figure, the lowest one he could afford. "Since I know you don't have much, we'll let it go at seventy-five. You can pay me when your crop comes in, or whenever you can, and—"

"Seventy-five?" The farmer's face registered obvious relief. It was all he could do to hold back a grin. "Seventy-five, Doc? I'd thought it 'ould be ten times that! If that's all it is I can pay you right now!"

Mertins stared at the man. Had he underestimated the fellow's ability to pay?

Then it happened. Atkin reached in his grimy wallet and handed the doctor the money. For a second, Mertins stood staring at it in blank amazement. Seventy-five dollars? The man before him was so poor he had no concept of such a sum! Atkin, proud to be able to pay his debt, had handed him a single dollar bill!

IN THE NEXT MOMENT, Paul Mertins made one of the finest gestures in the secret history of medical charity. He never told the story himself but later his secretary told it.

It was the moment in which young Mertins first really knew why he had become a doctor.

With something like a grin, Dr. Mertins shook Mr. Atkins hand and handed him a quarter in change!

IN THE MERCURY'S OPINION

How Internationalists Gain Power

By Russell Maguire

FEW PEOPLE realize that the so-called "liberal movements" have been financed by international financiers. Under these phony movements, the real objectives—whether through the nationalization of industry or the turning over of control to some international organization or "authority"—are very simple. Through all of these efforts, the money manipulators first get actual mortgageable control of the important assets. From there, in many cases, they obtain direct title to these assets.

Also, the international financiers and the "corporation raiders" are the ones who abuse the trusting public through their dishonest acts. They "reorganize" and "recapitalize" companies, always diluting the assets of the honest shareholders.

Socialism and Communism are both monopolistic in economic as well as political objectives. The development of monopolies or cartels has been, and still is, the basic policy of international financiers.

In each case national sovereignty is surrendered, all individual sovereignty is wiped out and the people become "wage or salary slaves" of the controlled monopoly. Do not forget that it is only as long as you are solvent that you are sovereign. History shows that the international bankers have always tried to get kings, governments, corporations and individuals deeply into their debt—thus they were no longer sovereign.

The other method used by the conspirators to obtain world power is taxation: the hidden taxes, the large inheritance taxes, and most of all the sinister Marxist graduated income tax.

The real conflict in the economic world is not between the monopolies, the cartels and the nationalized industries. The real conflict is between all of these on one side, and on the other side are the sufferers, the small businesses, the individuals, and the private property owners. Their conflict threatens the safety, the dignity and the sov-

ereignty of the individual. Christ fought for you—the individual.

The money changers, through their controlled press, keep the people ignorant of the real issues so that they can be led into complete subjugation. A silent, sinister revolution, financed by the international money manipulators, keeps destroying the individual and the small business firm.

The prelude to every revolution has been the collapse of public credit. Lenin stated that the most certain way to promote a social revolution is to debauch the cur-

rency. That is the present program in these United States.

Speaking of the depression in general on the floor of the Congress, Congressman Gray of Indiana, on May 2, 1933, said, "This panic is not a mystery, it is a damnable deep laid criminal plot."

It was Henry Ford, Sr., who said in substance, "It is perhaps well enough that the people of the nation do not understand our banking and monetary system, for if they did, I believe there would be a revolution before tomorrow morning."

Stalin Award for CBS!

If we gauge correctly the indignant response of the American people, the Stalin Award for distinguished public service to World Communism should go this year to the Columbia Broadcasting System. *To give the Kremlin gangsters free access to the Sunday night radio and television audience of the U.S.A., as CBS did on June 2, is the brightest service freedom can render to the cancerous blight of Godless materialism and human slavery.*

Khrushchev undertook to tell America in honeyed words that only Communism aims toward lasting peace. He ignored the threat made officially in Moscow only a few days earlier to melt the Arctic ice cap with a hydrogen bomb, and thus drown out all life on this planet below ninety feet of altitude.

Never has the Columbia Broadcasting System found opportunity to present the report of the Senate Internal Security Committee (May 21, 1956) listing more than one-thousand treaty violations by the Kremlin since 1918. Nor has CBS ever deemed it a matter of public interest that the Kremlin, under Communism, has violated at least one solemn treaty with every nation in the world. Instead, the world propaganda offensive of June 2, 1957, as staged by CBS, sought to present Communism as an active moral force in human affairs.

Yet wisdom did guide the decision in one respect. Exercising what appears to us an almost decent respect for the opinions of mankind, *Columbia Broadcasting System waited exactly one month after the death of Senator Joseph R. McCarthy, of Wisconsin, to deliver the U.S. television audience to the Kremlin.*

There's one commodity that's fast disappearing from the market



WHAT YOU CAN'T BUY TODAY

by Hollis T. Danvers

WHAT CAN'T you buy today? From the youngster who is old enough to sit on the floor and watch television to the person who can read and understand the enticing advertisements in magazines, the answer seems obvious—there's nothing you can't buy. But

what about the discriminating buyer? (He's the fellow who has learned in years gone by that to get his money's worth he first must look deeply into the names of the maker and the seller, then pay the price and be assured of the satisfaction that both the manufacturer

and dealer intended the product to carry with it.) The answer to him is that sound or even reasonably fair merchandising integrity is a quality which is becoming increasingly hard to purchase regardless of the price paid.

The retail dealer who will replace a defective appliance across the counter is becoming extinct faster than the whooping crane and it doesn't matter whether the product was sold six months ago or the day before. To make it even worse, the attitude which goes along with the whole transaction is at best one of disinterested condescension.

Money-back guarantees are as empty as the air over which today's advertising blows. As a matter of fact, the serious-minded customer doesn't want his money back; he wants only what he paid for, a product which will function at the time he buys it. Can he get it? The answer is *no, he cannot*.

Look back over the trend of the past ten years in American merchandising and, if you're an average buyer, you need neither an investigation nor a poll to realize that in a disgustingly increasing percentage of cases you can't buy what you really pay for, dependability and plain honest treatment.

As an example, we bought a coffee-maker. We selected a top name and made the purchase from an authorized dealer. We asked nothing beyond what was advertised

and guaranteed. The coffee went up with a bang and wouldn't come down. Naturally, we took the coffee-maker back.

The dealer first made certain that we had sent in the guarantee card even though he knew us well and had made the sale personally only three days before. At the risk of getting scalded, he tried it out and came up with the brilliant observation that the high thermostat was sticking. Oh, no, he couldn't replace it nor even repair it, but we could take it to their authorized service dealer who would gladly handle it.

In this particular instance, the authorized service dealer was exactly 12 miles from that store. He was out of thermostats but expected some in shortly. He would call. He didn't, and after several futile calls on our part, we finally called the original dealer to solicit his help but he gave us the smooth brush. It was sixty days before we got the unit back home. It worked excellently for a week. Then the low side of the thermostat went sour. It took eight days for the repair, and, when we got it back home, the appliance still failed to function. It now holds down a choice spot in a cabinet above the sink. We won't throw it away as junk for another year or two—it's useless but it cost \$37.50!

THEN THERE WAS our electric water heater. We fought that

one through because we had to have hot water. Although its failure was well within the guarantee period, the dealer threw up his hands and felt entirely free of responsibility on the thin premise that he had quit handling the line. He was absolutely convinced that his responsibility was ended.

Our pet purchase recently was a power lawn mower which you ride like a scooter. It was bought from a reliable dealer. It was weeks in shipment but we had been advised of the shortage in advance so we were not impatient. When it did arrive the service department dropped it during unloading and broke a casting. They were weeks procuring the replacement part but finally delivered the mower all serviced for operation.

It worked beautifully for exactly seven hours then one of the three belts which operate the transmission broke. The mower would reverse but would not go forward. The dealer admitted that he knew nothing about it nor did he have any service parts, but he assured me that any standard V-belt of proper dimension would do. He was right but what he failed to mention was that it took two hours to disassemble the mower unit from the chassis in order to replace the belt.

Within the first week the belts had stretched and the disassembling process had to be repeated for the proper adjustment to take

up the slack. About that time there appeared a small leak in the gasoline tank caused by the forward position of the transmission lever. The tank had to be soldered and the lever adjusted. That operation was little more than completed when it became quite apparent that the tightening or replacement of belts was to be a semi-weekly necessity; but, having by that time become proficient, I had cut down the servicing time from two hours to only one.

FOR a while nothing more serious occurred than the burning out of an idler pulley for lack of any possible means of lubrication and the cracking loose of the spot welding on the steering column, both of which defects were handled and paid for by us because there were neither service facilities nor parts available.

Three weeks and ten belts later the climax was reached in spectacular fashion. During the operation of the unit, motor and all burst into flames! Our son, who was the rider at the time, had to bail out, letting the lawn mower crash-land against the first tree. All that I regret, personally, is that I was at work and missed the pleasure of watching the little gem burn to the very grass.

Isolated cases? Not at all. That's the discouraging element. Such treatment rarely used to occur in dealing with responsible people.

Today, however, such experiences are the rule rather than the exception, regardless of who builds the product or who sells it or for how much.

AUTOMOBILES? Heaven help us all! For business and pleasure purposes, we have bought our share since the war, every single one of them from the so-called legitimate dealer, and always for the same reason: to get the benefit of the expert service the maker supposedly built into the deal.

Admittedly, prior to the war, cars were structurally less complex. No one other than the boys over the drawing boards had ever heard of power brakes, power steering, air-conditioning, electronic eyes, touch-bar radio tuners, tubeless tires or 290 horsepower. Nevertheless the authorized dealers had their troubles, but because of a different moral attitude, competition or something, they turned hand-springs to give their customers the service they had bought. Of course, the 90-day guarantee period slid by just as fast then as it does now, but when basic defects were pointed out they were corrected on the first trip in. Customers didn't have to return repeatedly and always apologetically for some simple adjustment that any good mechanic could diagnose at a glance. The newspapers say that the automobile industry today is more highly competitive than at any

time in its history. Considering the arrogant indifference being given in lieu of service in the majority of places today, those reports strike the average discerning buyer as being the paradox of the century.

When I took our latest into our dealer for the 1000-mile checkup, the panoramic windshield was cracked, the windshield squirters wouldn't operate, there was a sleigh bell somehow assembled inside one front door, and when the car took off there was a whining growl that sounded like the ring gear of a 1915 Overland. On that trip, they fixed the squirters. Admittedly, they didn't have the windshield but would call. They did—60 days later. The bell still jingled and the whine still growled. Next trip, they had the car all day. When I drove it home, it still had both bell and whine. On the third visit, a floor superintendent informed me that the growl wasn't in the transmission at all. That was enlightening particularly since I had never contended that it was. He raised the hood and poured some fluid into the power steering vat—two minutes, no more whine. I still had the sleigh bell. Ultimately it was located, not in the door but in the assembly under the front seat, not by them but by me.

The preceding model was a classic, same make, same dealer. The car was born with a crack running from one corner to the opposite

corner of one front window. It looked like a strain brake. I mentioned it as a possibility. "Think nothing of it, just a tight runner in the plant assembly. We have them all the time." They do and did. They had a second one the next day in the other front door. They replaced them both. A month later, they had two more in the same two doors. They replaced those. They broke after the ninety-day guarantee. The car was then mine. They had replaced the first four. I paid for the next three. They never did correct the cause any more than they corrected the leak which permitted the refrigerant to escape from the air-conditioning system.

During one of the monthly pilgrimages, either for glass or gas, the floor super looked critically down the hood and told me the front end was setting low. My reminder that the car was only four months old, had only 6000 miles and was only bought, not built, by me, was completely ignored as being unworthy of comment. What I needed was airlifts.

For the enlightenment of other ignorant people, airlifts are pneumatic rubber cylinders that fit inside the front coil springs to support the extra weight of the air-conditioning equipment. However, airlifts chiefly help to support the dealer's sagging financial statement. Oh, surely, I bought them—for \$40.

THOSE TWO MODELS caused only inconvenience and disgust. Here's one that nearly put us in the assigned risk insurance pool. (Same make, one notch earlier. Same dealer, too.) I was coming home from work in the usual line of traffic, thrilled with the smell of the new car. It was raining. A car stood ahead at a red light. In no hurry, I slowly applied the brakes. They locked and the car kept right on going. Wham!—\$680.

The dealer rebuilt the car beautifully. I told him to check the brakes. He said he did. Two months later, my wife and I were out at night. She was driving and she's a good driver. It was raining. Wham!—\$600! The dealer rebuilt the car beautifully. I told him that I was positive that the brakes were bad. He assured me to the contrary. Two months later, our son was driving home from school. He, also, is a good driver. It was *not* raining. Wham!—\$600 and two front teeth! The car had less than six thousand miles.

Sue the manufacturer? I'd just as soon sue the British Empire. Our insurance company took the whipping. Did they subrogate their losses? Their ideas of reasonable competition run along other lines too. They swallowed it just as we did and just as you will.

From bottle warmers to helicopters such examples of dealer indifference go on indefinitely down through the field. Who is to blame

—the buyer? Partly perhaps. There was such a scarcity of everything during and immediately after the war that the buying public competed unmercifully for any and all products and because of desperate need did so with little concern for either price or quality.

But the war has been over for eleven years and although such buyer competition has long since gone and the quality of products vastly improved, the fact remains that, regardless of advertising, when it gets right down to performance, the indifference toward the loyal buyer's service needs is growing progressively

worse. After the initial sale is made, the general attitude of the dealer is: it is out of my hands. Whatever the cause or whoever is to blame, of one point you may be sure: when you buy anything today, it is yours. No one else assumes any further responsibility.

THE INTANGIBLE ingredient which used to be built into American products, from the manufacturer through the dealer, is becoming harder and harder to find. If you don't believe it, go out for yourself and try to buy it.

What is that ingredient? Integrity.

Fish Story

Do you like to hunt or fish? If you do it is quite probable the Interior Department knows a great deal about why, when, where and how you do it. The Department last year engaged 300 opinion-takers to determine the fishing and hunting habits of Americans in 1955.

As a result of this study, they have produced a 50-page, slick-paper, profusely illustrated pamphlet which describes how many persons went fishing or hunting, how long they fished or hunted, how old they were, how much they spent, how far they traveled, but not how many fish they caught, or birds and animals they bagged.

According to the Survey, 25,000,000 persons over 12 years of age went hunting or fishing; more people in small towns or rural areas hunted or fished than did in big cities; more young people than older people engaged in these sports; they spent \$2,850,979,000; they traveled 10.4 billion miles by automobile; it took them over half a billion days; and two out of three fishermen and five out of six hunters bought licenses.

This information will undoubtedly be invaluable to sportsmen.

But what the pamphlet doesn't show is that the Survey cost the American taxpayer a mere \$200,000 plus the cost of printing.—*Taxpayer's Dollar*, U.S. Chamber of Commerce, April 1957.

THE **COMMUNISTS** ARE USING OUR **CHURCHES**

Anonymous

AMERICA has been warned. J. Edgar Hoover has said: "I confess to a real apprehension so long as Communists are able to secure ministers of the gospel to promote their evil work."

Herbert A. Philbrick, former FBI agent, has said "We're losing the fight with Communism . . . There are more names of ministers than any other profession on the list of Communist supporters in this country . . . Protest this to your religious leaders . . . if their names are on a list, demand that they withdraw them or kick them out of your church organization . . ."

Yuri Rastvorov, former Soviet intelligence officer, warned: "As you know, the church in the Soviet Union is not independent as, at the present time, the Soviet Government is trying to prove. It is completely dependent on the State, and the State conducts all activities of the church in the Soviet Union"—testimony by a former Soviet Intelligence officer before "Subcommit-

tee to Investigate the Administration of the Internal Security Act."

Dimitry Z. Manuilsky in a speech made in 1931 before the Lenin School of Political Warfare (he became an officer of the U. N. Security Council in 1949) said, "War to the hilt between Communism and Capitalism is inevitable. Today, of course, we are not strong enough to attack. Our time will come in 20 or 30 years. To win we shall need the element of surprise. The bourgeoisie will have to be put to sleep. So we shall begin by launching the most spectacular peace movement on record. There will be electrifying overtures and unheard of concessions. The capitalist countries, stupid and decadent, will rejoice to cooperate in their own destruction. They will leap at another chance to be friends. As soon as their guard is down, we shall smash them with our clenched fist."

But the leaders of the National

Excerpted from the *Christian Beacon*

Council of Churches have ignored these warnings.

Here are some challenging facts:

1. Known Communist clergy (Hromadka, Chabada, Pap, Veto) are permitted to remain on the Central Committee of the World Council of Churches.

2. The National Council and World Council leaders openly and secretly advocate and promote, through the churches, the Soviet's deceptive propaganda of "peaceful co-existence."

3. Hungarian Red-puppet clergy who were repudiated and ousted as Red-agents by the freedom fighters, were not repudiated by National Council and World Council Church leaders.

4. National Council leaders are continuing a program of collaboration, exchange visits, etc. with Red clergy who are known to be either Red agents or who have "sold out" to the Communist cause.

5. Many leaders and pastors of the National Council of Churches in this country have rejected God's Word, the Bible, and are preaching the doctrines of Socialism and Communism in the guise of Christianity.

What can you do?

1. Be informed. Secure the facts. Write the American Council of Christian Churches, 450 Avenue 64, Pasadena 2, California, or 15 Park Row, New York 38, New York, and ask for full documentation of modernism and radicalism in the

National Council of Churches.

2. If your church is a member of the National Council and World Council of Churches, ask your pastor and official board to secure its withdrawal from both councils.

3. Protest to your congressmen and the State Department, the coming of the Communist clergy to the next meeting of the Central Committee of the World Council which is scheduled to meet at Yale Divinity School, New Haven, Connecticut, in August, 1957.

4. Join with the American Council of Christian Churches, the International Council of Christian churches and many others in exposing and opposing church leaders who are aiding the cause of Communist world conquest!

MANY National Council leaders work with communists on the Central Committee of the World Council of Churches. Leaders such as Dr. Eugene Carson Blake (Presbyterian), Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam (Methodist), Dean Liston Pope (Congregational Christian), and Dr. Franklin Fry (Lutheran) sit on the Central Committee of the World Council of Churches with Red clergy from Communist countries such as Bishop Jan Chabada (Slovakia), Professor Josef L. Hromadka (Czechoslovakia), Bishop Lajos Veto and Professor Laszlo Pap (Hungary).

Communist clergy were present

at the Evanston conference. They worked in the various sections to help draw up the "Evanston Report" which was later commended to our churches for study. Through their efforts, the present Communist line of "Peaceful Co-Existence" was sold to the World Council, deceptively phrased as "Living Together in a Divided World." These Red Clergy were also successful in having the World Council Assembly call them "Loyal to Christ" when, in fact, they have been false to Christ, their own churches and the cause of freedom.

The World Council and National Council leaders defend these Red Clergy with the statement that one cannot control what goes on in his own country. But these Red Clergy are not just from Communist countries—they are men who have "sold out" to Communism—traitors

to their own churches and people.

THE COLLABORATION of national Council leaders with these Red Clergy is a tragic betrayal of every oppressed, suffering Christian behind the Iron Curtain. If your church is in the National Council, you will share responsibility for this betrayal.

In the Hungarian revolution, the freedom fighters threw out the Red clergy, knowing them to be Red agents and traitors to the church and to Hungarian freedom. The National Council must not continue to collaborate with these Red clergymen (now re-instated by the Soviet Hungarian regime) and their counterparts in other Iron Curtain lands.

Will you be silent, while America is being betrayed in our churches?

Russian Propaganda In American Churches

The Churchman, July, 1957, carries the following announcement: "Now available to parishes on request is a film showing some highlights of the recent visit of American churchmen to Russia. The film was a gift to presiding Bishop Henry K. Sherrill, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, from the Russian churchmen. It runs for one hour."

Thus the Red clergymen have made up their own film and offered it to the American churches free—just another consequence of the visit of the American churchmen to Russia, where they were entertained at a sumptuous dinner by Georgi Karpov, a major general of the Secret Police, who is in charge of all church activity in Russia.

Do You Know?

● The Federal government can only give its citizens that which it has first taken from them. It is amazing how an asset is depreciated in the hands of greedy people, before it is returned to its original and rightful owners.

● Few politicians have been more thoroughly repudiated by the American people than Harold E. Stassen. His bid for the governorship of Pennsylvania and his "dump Nixon" efforts were total fiascoes. Undismayed, the international money-manipulators who control Russia, England, France, and nearly control these United States, have had this man fronting for them at the phony disarmament talks with Russia.

● The battle to save America will not be with Russia, or any other country, but will be against "the enemy within."

● "Co-existence" means that Christianity will be ridiculed, brain-washed and destroyed while Communism is advanced.

● The public reaction resulting from the Supreme Court decision on the Girard case may be another nail in the coffin of One Worldism, Universalism, Humanism and Internationalism.

● You should beware of godless Communists who masquerade in clerical collars and attempt to destroy the good work of the sincere Christian clergy.

● They were ever faithful to their masters: Roosevelt at Yalta and Teheran; Truman at Potsdam and firing General MacArthur; and Eisenhower with Geneva and the Middle East Doctrine.

● There can be no lasting human freedom without economic freedom—which cannot exist without monetary freedom. The working man inherited this great country from his ancestors. He was disinherited by the usurer.

● Social Security has crossed the line into bankruptcy. It has started accumulating a deficit. The government is now paying out benefits at the rate of \$6,480,000,000 a year. The last known official figures on what the government is taking in through Social Security taxes is only \$6,200,000,000 per year. So, look for higher "social" taxes!

● "Corporate Fascism" and "corporate colonialism" operate in the interest of international money-manipulators. The cartelists use the billion-dollar foundations, the One Worlders, frustrated elite, treasonable intelligentsia and world government bureaucrats to run interference for them.

● The real root of evil: Private bankers' printing-press money. The cure: Government printing of Constitutional, interest-free money.

● New York taxpayers should not permit all United Nations' real estate to be tax exempt. The salaries paid by all international agencies are also tax exempt!

● Parents should not contribute to the building of new schools without becoming well acquainted with the many warped text-books that the conspirators will try to put into them.

● There is nothing to gain by cowardice, and there is much to be lost.

● Certain tax-free foundations make contributions to colleges provided that they can appoint professorships, establish the curricula, teach the Dead Languages, and keep *Technology and Economics in the background*—so as to hide the greatest international straight-jacket in the history of the world.

● The Federal Reserve Notes are not obligations of the privately owned Federal Reserve System which passes them and profits from them but are obligations of the United States Government, the taxpayer.

● Document #346, United States Senate Committee Report on the origin of World War I, states: "We repeat, and respectfully submit, that in view of the foregoing facts, it is clearly established that Hungary did not cause and did not bring about World War I. *The responsibility rests solely upon the shoulders of the International Financiers.* It is *they* upon whose head the blood of millions of dying rest."

● Last year a meeting of New England Unitarian ministers passed a silly resolution to remove the words "In God We Trust" from our coins. In May of this year the Annual Meeting of the American Unitarian Association, held in Boston, voted to remove the word "Christian" from their periodical—The Christian Register, founded in 1821, the oldest religious journal of continuous publication in America. The Reverend Ross Allen Weston of the Unitarian Church of Arlington, Virginia, which sponsored the resolution, said, "*We are not repudiating Christianity.* But some of us feel we have moved beyond to a religion greater than Christianity—to a religion of humanity."

● On his way to Damascus, Saul (later St. Paul) was suddenly overwhelmed by the power of the ideas taught by Jesus Christ and devoted the rest of his life to converting others.

Atheists

It will be recalled that at Bandung, according to a press report, when some of the representatives asked for God's guidance in the deliberation, Chou En-lai, "Prime Minister" of the Peiping regime, leaped to his feet to exclaim, "We don't care for God. We are atheists."



Where is Columbus Now?

by George J. Barmann

Since his death, he has moved about the world almost as widely and dramatically as when he was alive

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, the man who made his epic landfall in America early on a moonlight morning 465 years ago this October 12, is perhaps the most extensively buried person in history. The remains of the Great Navigator, or parts of them, are proclaimed to be in several different places on the globe, from Seville, in Spain, to the Dominican Republic—and even to bank vaults in New York and Hollywood.

Nothing that was Columbus, apparently, rests in Valladolid, Spain, where he died, unhappy and unrewarded, on May 20, 1506. After his funeral in that city—no bishops, no great dignitaries were there to mourn him—Columbus' body was

buried in the Convent of San Francisco there. In 1513, it was taken to the Carthusian monastery of Santa Maria de las Cuevas, in Seville, where the body of his son, Diego, later was to join him.

In his will, remembering the shimmering vision of Hispaniola, his "Little Spain," in the West Indies, Columbus had asked that he be returned to Santo Domingo, the capital of that island he had first seen 14 years before. "This is the most pleasant place on earth," he wrote. "Here I will be buried."

In 1542, in obedience to his wish, the remains of Columbus, and those of his son, were solemnly removed from the monastery crypt. On the deck of a tossing Spanish

galleon the two lead coffins were borne across the wide ocean to Santo Domingo.

In stately ceremonies, the caskets were sealed in a tomb near the high altar of the massive-walled cathedral, which still stands today as the oldest in the New World, though the city is now called Ciudad Trujillo and the Dominican Republic shares the large mountainous island with Haiti.

When fortunes began to shift in the New World and the tough little ships of England harassed Ferdinand and Isabella's gold-heavy vessels, the Spanish in Santo Domingo were anxious. When Sir Francis Drake appeared in the harbor and started to burn the city, they were in panic. Priests hid the two coffins and, after Drake left, they were uncertain which box held Columbus and which his son.

SPAIN sold Santo Domingo to France, in 1795, and the Spaniards were unwilling to leave Columbus sleeping under an alien flag. So they took up what they thought was his coffin, and a descendant of Columbus, the Duke of Veragua, transported it to Havana, Cuba. There, under the twin towers of Columbus Cathedral, it stayed for 100 years. In the Spanish-American War, Spain lost Cuba, too, and the casket journeyed back across the waters to Seville.

One morning just 80 years ago

workmen, making repairs in the cathedral at Santo Domingo, dug into the white dust and cool stone and banged into the other coffin—the one which had been left when Columbus was moved—supposedly containing the body of his son. Inside the box were 14 bones, some mold and a ball of lead, perhaps a bullet. What startled the authorities was an inscription which indicated that these were the remains of Columbus.

"The body in Spain," say the Dominicans, "is the son, not the Discoverer."

In Ciudad Trujillo, these remains are kept in a small crystal box and shown to the public every Columbus Day. An impressive monument, the huge Columbus Memorial Lighthouse, sponsored by the American Republics and approved by the United Nations, is rising on a cliff above the city's harbor. The completed monument will be a new tomb for Columbus.

When the Santo Domingo cathedral relics were unearthed in 1877, officials detached several small bones and pinches of dust and dispatched them to the Vatican, in Rome; to Genoa, which claims him as its son, and to the University of Pavia, in Italy, where the navigator studied astronomy, geometry and cosmography.

How do New York and Hollywood figure in the story of Columbus' travels beyond the grave?

About 60 years ago, the late John

Boyd Thacher, mayor of Albany, New York, and a biographer of Columbus, obtained some dust and flakes of bone in the Dominican Republic. The items, in a crystal locket and gold cross, were displayed in the Library of Congress, then shipped to an heir of Thacher's in Hollywood. The fragments, at different times, were in vaults of the Bank of America in Los Angeles and the Guaranty Trust Company in New York.

SCHOLARS continue to disagree on the whereabouts of Columbus today. Many support the insistence

of most Latin Americans that he still rests in the cathedral in Ciudad Trujillo. Others say he lies in Seville. And a few are certain he was never disturbed in his original burial place in that city.

The arguments, with detailed and contradictory documents and evidence, will go on. Christopher Columbus may never come, indisputably, to rest. But a giant beacon light on the Dominican Republic memorial will sweep the tropic night, as though searching every compass point, in salute to the Admiral of the Ocean Sea—wherever he is.

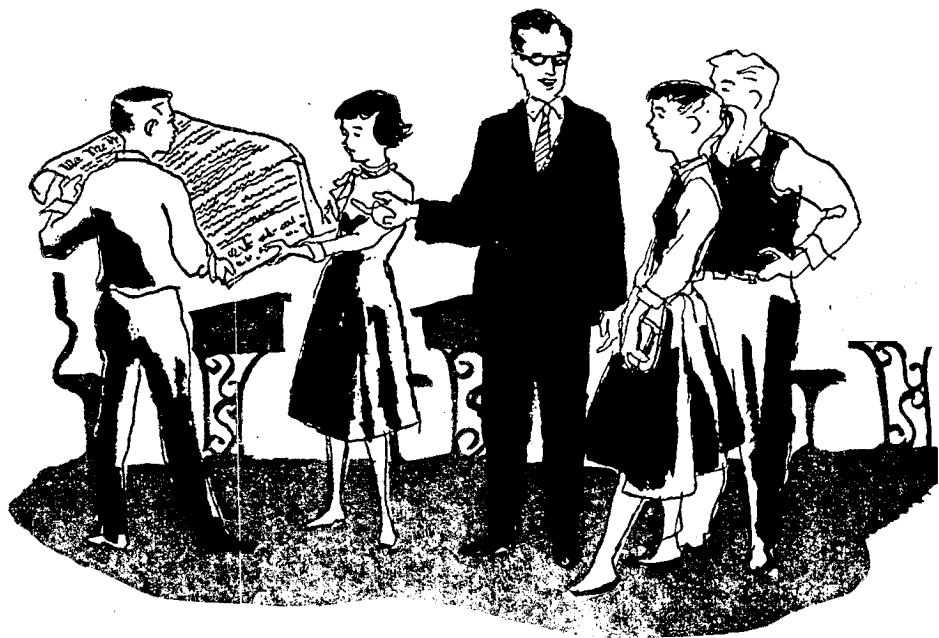
Tragedy

A tragedy is usually an incident in which a death has occurred. But the word itself, in its origin, has a completely different meaning.

Back in ancient Athens, most of the plays that were performed were looked upon with severe dislike by the scholars of the time. They felt that the plays were too light-hearted and that their themes weren't important enough. So one day these Athenian scholars gathered together and decided upon an idea that they felt would help to improve the theatrical presentations of the time. They offered an enticing prize for the best written and best produced lyric poem. The prize they offered was a goat (then a very valuable possession). The name at that time for goat was *tragos*. The writer awarded the *tragos* was also granted the very high privilege of sacrificing the animal to the Athenian gods. Thus a play in which life was taken was called the song of the goat, or the song of tragedy.

Down through the ages the name has remained and today a serious play in which someone dies is called a *tragedy*. We have further extended the use of the word to the death of a person, an event which we usually call *tragic*.

—ALFRED K. ALLAN



WHAT EVERY SCHOOL NEEDS

by Maurine Halliburton

*The first high school in the United States to have
a compulsory course in the study of the Constitution*

ARE THE people of the United States letting their rights slip away from them because they know almost nothing about those rights and the documents which guarantee them? Are they too engrossed in other matters to realize or to care what is happening to those rights?

Two years ago, in the newly-built De Soto Union Free High School, De Soto, Wisconsin, members of the school board met with

the principal, Eugene Belongia, to discuss these questions. The members of the board were three farmers, a conservation warden and a banker—ordinary American citizens except that they were aware of the danger of losing liberty and self-government threatening the people of the United States.

They decided that something should be done to awaken the people to this danger and that, in their school, something would be done.

They already had come to the conclusions that the conventional approach to the subject of the rights of the people was unsatisfactory, that minds are not open to vague generalities, that truth lies in fine distinctions and that, with principle, there can be no compromise. They knew that the people should be taught their rights and how they came by them and how they can hold on to them.

They declared, "This school shall have an 18-week compulsory course in the study of the United States Constitution, regardless of objection or cost."

The American History instructor received their mandate. His name was Milnor Norris Daffinrud. He was also a lawyer, still practicing in nearby Viroqua. He was enthusiastic about the proposed course and began to look for a textbook, written at high school level, on the Constitution. He wrote to every state in the Union—and found that not one state had anything of the sort. Not one high school in the United States had such a required course! He searched the book lists but no such text was advertised. None existed.

So he wrote a textbook, himself.

He found that eight to ten days was the most time spent on the study of the Constitution in the Wisconsin schools!

"That is not studying the Constitution," he said in an interview,

printed in the *La Crosse Tribune* (La Crosse, Wisconsin). "We believe in the Constitution, but if we do not know what it is, what do we believe in? Without knowing our basic rights, how can we preserve them? We stand in a precarious position. Our Bill of Rights is shredded to pieces. Our States' rights are being taken away. But if we don't know what our rights are, how do we know when they are taken away?" He quoted the words of Ezekiel Cullen: "How is liberty to be continued or self-government maintained by those who know nothing of their principles?"

THE school board members had the Daffinrud textbook printed at the expense of the district. The course, based on this text, was launched. It was pivoted on the United States Constitution, with emphasis on the liberties guaranteed by this instrument, and was coordinated with the courses in History and American Literature, with the mechanics relegated to their other classes. The reason for emphasis on the guaranteed personal rights was that duties are correlative with rights and knowledge of our rights is essential to an awareness of responsibilities. Better citizenship can be expected only in proportion to the extension of the comprehension of these rights.

Now, the school has completed

its second year of the study of the Constitution. The present principal, Wallace Johnson, as well as the board members and Daffinrud, who are responsible for the development and progress of this, the only mandatory course of its kind in the nation, believe that it is not objectionable because it is required. A compulsory dose, properly administered, they think, is an aid to cure. They are convinced that the deviation from the conventional procedure is proving worthwhile.

There are others who agree with them. On April 30, 1957, the Wisconsin Assembly passed a resolution (No. 21 A) "Commending the officials of the De Soto Union Free High School for its initiative and ingenuity in being the first and only high school in the land to include in its required curriculum a course of study in the Constitution of the United States." A few days later, on May 17, the American Legion, Department of Wisconsin, Seventh District, presented a citation of meritorious service to Mr. Daffinrud. In the meantime other states heard of and were interested in the course. Letters of commendation came from all over the Union. Orders for the textbook came from as far away as Mexico. From the area around De Soto so much mail concerning the course and the textbook was received that the board members called a meeting for all

In his own guide for the course on the Constitution of the United States at De Soto Union Free High School, Mr. Daffinrud makes much of the divine origin of the individual rights of Americans, demonstrating that the United States is the only country where one can require observance and respect for his personal rights, even from the government.

"To obtain this objective," he elaborates to his students, "the framers went back to the Book of Genesis—'God created man in His own image . . .' Since God endowed each individual with personal and immortal destinies, no man or government could regard anyone as an indistinguishable part of a class or group. The framers of the Constitution accepted no formula not achieved through divine guidance. This was summarized by George Washington in his farewell address—'Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. Reason and experience both forbid us to expect that natural morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principles.'"—*La Crosse Tribune*.

who were interested. At first some commented that the course was too comprehensive, too difficult for high school students. Mr. Daffinrud held that freshmen could handle it, and he has since proved that this is true. He says that the purpose of the course is to familiarize

the students with the great documents of the United States; that unless they understand the laws they cannot understand either their rights or their duties as citizens.

The course includes a study of Soviet-Communism (Marx-Leninism) as well as other alien political ideologies, not only for the purpose of comparison, but so that the students may affirmatively meet the challenge in them.

He is quoted as saying, "America's government is based on religious principles but I am afraid of the apathy of the American people. I am amazed at how little they know about this anti-God Communism and about creeping 'big government' . . . if the Communists could only wipe out our Constitution, they could lick this country."

The procedure is that of the laboratory, supplemented by lectures and discussions, and unconventional: it is not unusual to find a group studying the annotations to the United States Constitution or deep in Supreme Court cases on the subject, or to find several students in heated debate. The instructor has never given an answer to any of his students but acts merely as a guide, in the belief that what his students find out for themselves will remain with them. The students' reaction to the course is mirrored in a journalist's

comment: "They are grasping our fundamental documents like a farmer harvesting a new crop."

"The course is designed for the upper echelon ability student," Mr. Daffinrud says, "and this is said to be contrary to all recognized procedures, yet the method works to a very satisfactory degree. One may see a slower student receiving assistance from another, who may be more alert. As an illustration—the star basket ball player was giving an explanation to one of the class but it just didn't sink in. He became disgusted and proceeded to explain in 'jive.' It was unintelligible to me but a few days later I called on the student who had been being helped and he gave an excellent discussion of the subject."

STRANGELY enough, Mr. Daffinrud says, while letters commending the course have come from all over the country, they have not been from the educators, themselves, who seem to be very indifferent to its value. Is this because those who teach in our high schools fear that it would mean added work for them, or do they know that they are not equipped with the knowledge and ability to present the subject? Or are they unwilling for the new American citizens to understand their rights so well that they cannot be separated from them?

The best way to kill time is to get busy and work it to death.

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*Valley Forge is a symbol of
willing sacrifice to preserve it*

The AMERICAN IDEAL

by J. Edgar Hoover



VALLEY FORGE is dear to the hearts of all true Americans who realize the meaning of the freedoms which our forefathers won for us. So long as this Nation endures, we pray that men will gather to do honor to the memory of the man, George Washington, who was "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

The American Revolution was kept alive by the dreams and the indomitable spirit of George Washington. In those dark hours here at Valley Forge, he and his men fanned the flame of liberty to inspire by their determination others who had lost hope or had grown faint of heart.

Because of George Washington and his valiant men, this place is hallowed ground. Here, our American heritage was made secure.

Here, our own "freedom fighters" stood firm to protect our infant Republic, and refused to permit the forces of tyranny to crush their dream.

At Valley Forge, the laying of the foundation of our American heritage was assured by the willing sacrifices of those brave men to whom liberty was dearer than life; liberty, not alone for themselves, but for the generations which were to inherit the precious fruits of their sacrifices.

Our America was born out of the yearning for freedom, the same yearning which only recently spurred heroic Hungarians to fight

From a speech delivered at Freedoms Foundation, Valley Forge, Pennsylvania

enemy tanks with stones and home-made bombs. Our shores have become the haven of the oppressed and beckon to those in the Old World to come and to be free; to worship God as they choose; to seek opportunities which America offers to those who are willing to work and fight to preserve a way of life which gives so much to so many.

THE American ideal is woven of a thousand things. It is woven of unfaltering faith in God, faith in the destiny of this Nation, of battles and of Valley Forge and Gettysburg, and the Marne, and Anzio, and Iwo Jima. Threaded through the fabric is the patience of a Washington, the wisdom of a Franklin, the humility of a Lincoln, the integrity of an Eisenhower, the courage of an unknown soldier, the vision of a Jefferson, and the sacrifice of a Nathan Hale. It is laced with the memory of men's words: "I have not yet begun to fight" and "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

The American ideal is embodied in our Nation's integrity and honor and in our homes in which respect for the rights of others is taught by precept and example. It is part and parcel of our Bill of Rights and the Constitutional concepts which recognize that all men are free and equal, endowed by their Creator with the inalienable rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of

happiness. The American ideal embodies the sum total of the wisdom, the courage and the sacrifices of our founding fathers. Its foundation is the faith of our fathers.

The American ideal has its roots in religion. Without its religious sanction and inspiration, the American ideal would pale and wither to extinction. It is the American precept that men shall live as equals under a government by law, which is embodied in the greatest of all laws.

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them; for this is the law and the prophets."

From those bleak days in Valley Forge, men have fought and died for the American ideal. We know ideals can be preserved only through eternal vigilance. Our own ideal of freedom and our way of life are under ceaseless attack both from within and without. We fail in achieving our ideal every time an American home fails by producing a juvenile delinquent. The failure is that of adult America. Youth needs only to be guided along the proper path and to be given the direction and training to determine right from wrong; good from bad; the true from false; belief in the dignity of man; belief in themselves; and faith in a Supreme Being.

Every law-abiding person who wishes to preserve our American freedoms certainly must recognize

that they cannot endure without respect for authority which is dedicated to preserving civil liberties rather than to destroying them. Without freedom, a society loses its meaning, and without protective authority, it becomes anarchy.

The primary mission of our constitutional Republic is to preserve the proper balance between freedom and authority. Our generation has witnessed assault after assault on the Constitutional balance of freedom and authority.

The "pseudo liberal" and the neo-fascist seek either license or an excess of authority. The "pseudo liberal" has increasingly conceived committees in the name of defending every freedom, but none to uphold authority. When he has succeeded in lessening freedom by curtailng authority, he has claimed social progress. These self-styled social reformers seek to substitute license for freedom. They have become the ready tools of the Communist conspiracy and their refusal to recognize the difference between authority for the common good, and oppression, has aided in making possible an era of Communist expansion.

To be sure, the "pseudo-liberals" proclaim themselves as anti-Communist. They have made efforts in recent years to curtail the Government's authority to defend our national security. Some of them may be honest and sincere but they are misguided. Others seek the

"pseudo-liberal" cloak to conceal more sinister objectives, because deceit is the very essence of Communism.

THE TRAGEDY of our generation has resulted from our spiritual shortcomings, from the disastrous moral failures of our age, and from the failures of the last war and the last peace.

Our generation has suffered two world wars. After World War I, the free world awoke to the realization that the war "to make the world safe for democracy" was not finished. After World War II, a tired and peace-seeking people had the satisfaction of knowing that the Fascist monster had been destroyed. Then came another shock. Soviet Russia launched a cold war against the West and a not so cold one against other defenseless peoples to extend its orbit of destructive influence over one fourth of the earth's surface and approximately 40 percent of the world's peoples.

The free world has been slow to recognize the Communist approach despite the blue-prints for action which the Communists have proclaimed to all with ears to hear and eyes to read. From the time the Communists came to power in Russia until today, they have used duplicity, propaganda, treason, and even armed force to distort truth. In the 109 years since the *Communist Manifesto* was written, they

have never won power in any country by the free vote of a majority of the people.

Communism is doomed ultimately to fall, because it is anti-God and denies the dignity of man. The day will come when it will be rejected by all the peoples of the world. But that day will never come through wishful thinking. It will come only when the fires of freedom burn bright and the sinews of freedom are strengthened. No brutality can erase the urge to liberty which surges in every man's heart. The fall of worldwide Communism will come only when the world, free and enslaved, resolves that this heartless dictatorship shall end. We can hasten that day by eternal vigilance in protecting the American ideal against abuse and by extending the power of its influence.

THE present generation of fathers and mothers must decide now for the future generations—whether the future shall hold freedom or slavery depends on how completely the challenge of Communism is met and vanquished.

Let there be no mistake the fires of freedom smoulder even in the heart of Communist strongholds. Even the power of Stalin and his successors has not been able to extinguish it.

The Hungarian Freedom Fighters give testimony to the ruthlessness of the Communist might and

to the strength of peoples yearning to be free. Last November Nikita Khrushchev, the present head of the Russian Communist Party and the principal spokesman for the Soviet Union, in referring to the freedom-loving countries of the West, stated: "Whether you like it or not, history is on our side. We will bury you."

More recently, Khrushchev has praised Stalin and even had the atheistic audacity to call upon God to send more men like Stalin to fight for Communism.

It cannot be denied that ten of the 11 members of the present governing body of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union were puppets for the old tyrant Stalin and whatever they learned in the art of governing by force they learned from him.

The gyrations of the Soviet Communists have produced a chain reaction in Communist Parties around the world. American Communists have put on a dazzling performance of shifting and turning. In the days and weeks which lie ahead, they will then resort to a time-proven Communist trick to deceive the American public by advocating a peaceful transition to socialism, by appealing to the masses with trumped-up charges of injustices, by seeking to build a broad coalition of Socialist forces, by recapturing the naive, and mobilizing the "pseudo-liberals."

Behind all this still prevails the

determination to intensify the class struggle with resort to deceit, misrepresentation, and the use of force and violence when necessary.

Their aims and tactics are obvious. The Communist conspiracy has been exposed for what it is in courtrooms, by Congressional committees and by the press, radio, and television. Its new look and program are designed to enable the American Communist to regroup and develop a militant party to accomplish their historic mission of destroying American freedoms. Soviet-style Communism remains the ideal, and the Communist Party intends to do its best to impose it upon this country.

Crippling blows have been dealt to the Communist cause in the United States. But there is a greater task which rests with our teachers,

the moulders of public opinion, the ministers of every faith, our labor leaders and our industrialists. In short, the responsibility of education to preserve the American ideal rests with every American home. Truth and education are the ultimate answer in the fight to preserve the American ideal.

IF we have the courage and the determination to face the future with the humility and the dedicated sacrifices of our founding fathers, then the Star-Spangled Banner shall continue to fly over this—our home of the free and land of the brave, and “freedom fighters” in other lands may eventually secure these blessings which are ours.

This is the goal of the American ideal.

Blind Justice

During the American Revolution justice was not feasibly administered in many backwoods areas. A Virginia planter, Judge Lynch, presided over a community several miles from any law court. Because he was a justice of the peace, his neighbors persuaded him to pass many a surreptitious sentence on hated Tory offenders. To this practice of swift, personal prosecution or any form of illegal punishment and mob-law he gave his name—lynching.

—RUSSELL NEWBOLD

EMERGENCY HOSPITAL

by George A. Posner

Please!



AT THE EMERGENCY HOSPITAL, at three in the afternoon, the calls come in fast on the switchboard in the main office. That phone is busy twenty-four hours of the day; but for some reason three o'clock in the afternoon is a rush period.

A white-clad nurse takes calls. A graduate nurse, because that is the minimum requirement of every

member of that force of 160, from clerk to ambulance driver.

Listening in, you are sure to hear something like the following.

"Emergency Hospital . . . Boy taken poison? What is the address, please? I'll send an ambulance right away."

"Emergency Hospital. An auto smash-up? Where is it, please? I'll send an ambulance."

The head nurse of a large city emergency hospital discusses the daily pageant of pathos and comedy and an assistant surgeon offers some important advice

tire population of the city passes through. That figures out five or six times per person during the average lifetime.

We are sitting in the chief surgeon's office, amid a barricade of files that meticulously record every case from abrasion to trephining. Doctor Dodge is in the operating room. His efficient and cheerful secretary, Mrs. McLaren, a nurse of 20 years experience, holds the fort while he is gone. We are watching, through the open door, that girl at the switchboard. Her hands move swiftly, endlessly; her voice is a monotone.

"What is the address, please?" It is a strange thing, but nine persons out of ten, in their excitement during an emergency, would hang up the receiver before giving this information! Hospital telephone operators, therefore, are trained to try to get this question in early.

"Your wife shot through the heart? Then you don't need the

"Emergency Hospital . . . A fall? Did it happen in the *house*, or in the *street*?"

There are 600 such calls daily in this city of about two million. That makes 200,000 cases a year, according to the statistics kept by the institution. Once in ten years the emergency hospital expects to see you; for during that time, according to their present figures, the en-



ambulance; call the coroner . . . But, Sir, if it's through the heart, she is surely dead and it would be no use . . . well, all right; if you're sure she's alive, we'll send for her." When the ambulance arrived at the scene, the surgeon was amazed to find the casualty had a wounded *arm*! When he questioned the husband about it, the man said calmly, "Sure, I said it was her heart. But I just wanted to make sure the doctors got here *quick*!"

In the next room a Caesarian operation is bringing into the world an eight pound boy, and while the boy is being born, his father dies.

The father had been rushing his wife to the maternity hospital when his car skidded and crashed into a telephone pole. When the parents were brought in, both seriously injured, it was seen that the father was practically beyond help, and the mother going fast. If she died before that child was born, it would die with her. It was one of those heart-rending moments—an emergency for quick and vital decision. Every facility and attention was turned over in favor of the mother.

The father died. At the mother's side, the surgeons found they had to work fast. The woman had just enough vitality left to give her child complete birth before she too passed away. But her boy will live; he is normal and healthy. That was just one of the decisions that must be made almost every day.

THERE was the case of the woman whose child was seen to be at the verge of death as she stepped out of the elevator on the operating room floor. It had swallowed a kidney bean which lodged in its throat—death by choking was quite evidently only a matter of a few seconds. Doctor Dodge seized a scalpel, sprinted across the hall and reached the operating table simultaneously with the infant, and with a swift motion *slit the child's throat*! With an expert finger he extracted the bean; and a few minutes later, with a few stitches in its throat, the baby, in perfect health and cooing lustily was being carried out by its happy mother! In this instance, if the child had died on the operating table, there would have been no way to determine conclusively whether the death had been caused by the bean—or the doctor's operation.

By this time the boy reported to have taken poison had been brought in. One glance at him told the medical men he had done nothing of the sort. (There are unmistakable signs in such a case, to the experienced practitioner.) The boy had been punished by his parents, and to get back at them, pretended to "suicide" by smearing some of the poison around his lips and pouring the remainder of the bottle down a drain! One look at his tonsils, of course, told the story, something the excited parents

might have found out, themselves, if they had thought of it.

But did the doctors let on they knew? *Not a sign!* They put the boy through a process that will assure his parents that he won't go through *such* a maneuver again. You see, doctors at emergency hospitals have enough on their hands without unnecessary *folderol* added to their troubles. A session with a stomach pump will practically assure all the interested parties that the star performer will seek no encore at any time in the future!

Lovers—both male and female—are also often disposed toward rending the loved one's heart strings, after a quarrel, by pretending they have "ended all." These folks, too, are discouraged by the hospital medicos from desire for any future repetition of such tomfoolery.

It is easy to distinguish the real poison cases. Once they have swallowed such a potion, 90 per cent of the victims seem suddenly to have created in themselves an intense desire to live. Probably they had no idea that the death process through the poison route would prove such a painful proceeding. At any rate, they do everything possible to help the doctors, seldom seek to repeat their experience, and usually live to a ripe old age.

THERE SEEMS to be a fashion cycle in regard to suicides, for

some unexplained reason. While roof-jumping will be the rage one year (and they'll pick on the same buildings, to the despair of the owners of those edifices) the next will bring an epidemic of poison-guzzling.

Then suddenly poison will be *de vogue*, and the choice method will be shooting. Or throat slashing. The slashing operations, however, mostly fail, because few people have sufficient knowledge of anatomy to know where the jugular vein is.

"Emergency Hospital. What is the address, please?"

A police officer who snatched three children to safety out of the path of a speeding car, received the impact himself.

A Spartan little boy of 11, with both legs crushed by a train, crawled two blocks to his home, and on entering, said: "Now, don't worry, Mother, I'm just hurt a little bit—" then fainted.

A father was called to view the shattered form of a boy of 15, victim of an auto accident. A friend, also a father, heard the news and followed, hoping he could be of some assistance and offer some consolation.

As the friend came alongside the figure of the first father, bowed with grief alongside the mangled little form on the cot, his own agonized cry, "Why, *that's my own boy*, Henry—don't you see—that birthmark!"

OF COURSE there is comedy, too, for the attendants, doubtless, couldn't endure it all—not for very long, they couldn't. There was the man who walked in, with his hands thrust deep in his pockets. That was how he had gone to sleep, and while asleep, some friends had poured glue into those pockets. The glue had hardened before he awakened, and there he was!

A man was brought in because of minor injuries, moaning. When asked where he hurt most, he gasped, "Oh, dear—I don't know. I haven't seen my lawyer yet!"

The married man—out for a lark with a "girl friend"—paid more attention to the curves beside him than to the curves in the road. When the ambulance brought him and his woman companion to the hospital to be treated for painful, though not serious injuries, he looked into the startled eyes of his own wife and her male companion, who had received similar injuries under the same circumstances!

A parent, who was being consoled with the information that his son, who was on the operating table, was only slightly hurt, answered, "Oh, is that really so? Then, Doctor, while he's up there, would you mind taking his tonsils out? They're bad!"

An inquisitive youngster removed the back from an alarm clock and held the time-piece to his

ear to listen to its tick, when suddenly a spring snapped, and the whirling wheels wound his curls up within the works like cables on a crane drum. When his father found him, fearfully yelling, the clock was so tightly fastened against the little blonde head that even the scissors were of no avail to free him—and the entire clock had to be taken apart with a screw-driver right there.

There was the woman who came in holding her boy by the nose! And thus had she led him, upstairs and down, and through crowded thoroughfares, with the poor little fellow half-choked for want of air.

"What are you doing, woman? Let go of the poor tyke's nose!" shouted chief nurse, Whitehead.

"No, for God's sakes, no! Watch out!" she shouted back. "They told me if I let loose, and he breathes, the cork he's inhaled from a perfume bottle will go up into his brain and kill him!"

Of course, her fears were without foundation. All that was needed was for the youngster to stop one nostril and blow his nose mightily; and out came the offending cork!

Nurse McLaren's favorite story is that of a flustered man who came into the hospital, bearing a woman in his arms. The nurse's trained eye quickly perceived that this was a maternity case, and that something must be done very

quickly. In the bustle that followed, the man was forgotten completely. Mrs. McLaren found him later, wandering around in the corridor, with a dazed, brooding look in his eyes. That same sheep-like, stricken look she had seen so often on the face of an expectant father.

"My, you look worried!" said she. "Well, perk up, young man. Everything's just fine. It's a healthy, bouncing, nine-pound boy; and both mother and son are doing nicely.

"And now," she added briskly, "if you will just step into this room here and give us a few facts for our records. What is the mother's name?"

"Her name?" echoed the brooding one. "How in heck should I know? She just got into my taxi and asked to be brought here. What I'm worrying about is, *where's my fare?*"

A BENEVOLENT-LOOKING gentleman of rotund build and ruddy complexion is Chief Nurse Whitehead. He has served 20 years in his present capacity.

When asked what his most exciting experience was, he answered, "Well, sir, I'd say it was that winter night, a number of years ago, when we had a certain psychopathic case here; and a violent case he was, too. We had no cells then, so we had to strip him and fasten him to his bed to make sure he didn't get away.

"In spite of our precautions, however, he did get away in the night; and of course we immediately sounded the alarm, for he was a dangerous person to allow on the loose. Besides, he was nude, and pneumonia for him was not the least of the possibilities.

"Well, a regular army of police and detectives combed the streets and alleys for hours. One of the officers, while running through a dark alley suddenly got a blow that put him into a state of complete unconsciousness. Soon we received a phone call from some workmen who had joined the hunt.

"Say, we got your nude lunatic; and he's batty, all right. He keeps claiming he's a *police officer!*"

"And later we got a call that an officer in a badly-fitting uniform was acting very strangely!

"Of course you can guess what happened. Our lunatic was running around in the officer's clothes!

"They brought the officer in, wrapped in a sheet, and finally got the masquerading madman—but it was a wild night for us."

"So, you see," he moralized, "you've just got to steer clear of dark alleys at night-time."

"And it won't hurt to watch your step when you get into your bath," adds Doctor Sebastian. "A skid on the smooth bottom of your tub, especially with a lurking piece of soap to add momentum, is hardly less dangerous than a skid on the asphalt in your car. A steel

faucet batting your cranium doesn't do it any good. We average twenty cases a month."

DOCTOR SEBASTIAN is right hand man to Chief Surgeon Dodge; and his special "bug" is the subject of accidents in the home. He tells you they make up 25 per cent of all accidents!

Women who stand before open fireplaces and set their dresses on fire. Women who clean garments with inflammables. Women who try to light a gas oven without first leaving the oven door open a few minutes. The hospital, the doctor tells, treated 1,163 cases of burns during the year just passed.

There are men who try to do their own electrical repairing instead of calling a competent electrician, and men who drive out of garages without looking to see if the driveway is clear.

People slap at spiders with bare hands when they ought to use a stick. The hand may be "quicker than the eye" but no matter how fast you may think you are, the spider is quicker. Spider bites are painful, often serious and sometimes fatal. Bites totalled 4,296 in a year!

Most of us know that touching electrical fixtures with wet hands is dangerous. How many know that if the action is attempted while standing in the bathtub, it may result in *electrocution*?

A skilled physician must operate

in all surgical cases, so you may discredit at once all that talk you may have heard about such matters being relegated to internes and minor attendants.

"Emergency Hospital. What is the address, please?" It is that nurse at the switchboard again.

A horrible accident has occurred, you are informed. An emergency hospital ambulance has collided with a fire truck. A doctor has been killed; the ambulance case on his way to the hospital again crushed. Bystanders are pinned under the wreckage; and several firemen are critically hurt.

In the next room a police officer waits while a boy of 21 is being treated for injuries he received in an auto smash-up. When checking the youth's possessions for file and safe-keeping, they found a pocket book that wasn't his. He is going to jail, but his hurts are as gently and as thoroughly attended as they would be if he were the surgeon's own son.

In another room a bank bandit, shot during a hold-up, is dying.

The sirens of two ambulances shriek in the alleyway—one is going out, the other coming in . . .

Now you watch a young girl coming toward you—it is a nurse going off duty. Her boy-friend waits downstairs. She stops at a mirror, adjusts her hat at a more jaunty angle, adds a bright smear to her lips. Death—and life amid death.

Why The Rich Become Reds



by Harold Lord Varney

*What part do idealism
and egotism play when
a millionaire becomes
a Communist?*

ONE OF the tragi-comic figures of the Leftist movement is the millionaire who becomes a Communist or Socialist.

The capitalist who leads the hue and cry against capitalism, the coupon clipper who denounces inherited wealth is more often a figure for pity than for condemnation. Only too frequently he is a tormented, anti-social soul who, through some oddment of personality, has missed the rewards of both worlds. But his benefactions have helped build Communism and Socialism to their present formidable strength in America.

Although they may not be actual members of the Communist Party, Frederick Vanderbilt Field and Corliss Lamont come easily to mind as conspicuous examples of rich men who have crossed the ideological line. Both have denied publicly and emphatically that they are Communist Party members.

But members or not, these two gilded youths during the Thirties and Forties did more, with their money and prestige, to make Communism a national menace than many of the better publicized proletarian limelights. Their great achievement was to help lure Washington into a pro-Soviet foreign policy during the war years.

Field, who inherited three million dollars of the Vanderbilt family fortune, particularized in the Asia field. By lavish use of money, he brought the American Committee of the Institute of Pacific Relations under his firm control. The ghastly work which the Institute did in betraying Free China to Communism is splashed all over the thousands of damning pages of the hearings of the McCarran Committee. Without Field, and the designing group which worked with him in the Institute, this Rockefeller-Carnegie financed body never would have become the gravedigger of American hopes in the Far East.

Although Field actually went to

prison for contempt of court as the aftermath of his farflung pro-Communist activities, Lamont avoided this ordeal, although he was indicted for contempt of a Congressional Committee. His field of interest has been Soviet-American relations. He headed for several years the National Council for American-Soviet Friendship, which was cited in 1955 by the United States Subversive Activities Control Board as a "Communist front." The prestige of the Lamont name attracted even so stellar a figure as Dean G. Acheson to orate at one of the Council dinners. In its heyday, Lamont made the Council so ultra-respectable that all the VIPs of Washington crowded to its functions. This glamor reflected itself directly in pro-Soviet State Department attitudes, culminating in Yalta.

Although there has been a flight of wage earners and trade unionists from the Communist ranks during the last ten years, the redoubtable duo of Field and Lamont have yet to repudiate their Communist front past. It is ironical that millionaires have remained true to the Left, while proletarians blackslided.

OTHER millionaires have drifted in and out of the Communist apparatus, or its fellow-traveler adjuncts. There was Philip Jaffe, the greeting card tycoon, who also specialized in China. While Jaffe's

ideological flame burned, he supported and wrote for the Communist *American Friends of the Chinese People* and he published *Amerasia* during the three years of its existence. He was arrested and tried in 1945 for securing top secret documents from the State Department through willing State Department stooges. Benefiting from the cover-up attitudes which still prevailed at the close of the war, he got off with a fine of \$500. He has not been heard from in Red circles for years.

Another was Louise Bransten, scion of the millionaire California fruit family, the Rosenbergs. She played a role in many Communist-sponsored activities of the Thirties and early Forties, but when questioned by a Congressional Committee, she got away with a Fifth Amendment retort.

There was the late Robert Marshall, son of Louis A. Marshall, the distinguished New York attorney. Marshall, a dedicated forerunner, was drawn into pro-Communist activities in Washington in the Nineteen Thirties. When he died, the bulk of his fortune was left to establish the Marshall Foundation, an important part of whose activities has been the subsidizing of fellow-traveler causes.

But millionaire Reds are not a phenomenon of the Communist Party alone. They were also familiar figures of the old Socialist Party, in its Debs-led climax. One re-

calls Joseph M. Patterson who briefly flitted through the Party between 1904 and 1907, but who lived to found the *New York News* and to become the most articulate spokesman of conservatism in the United States. Or Robert Hunter and William English Walling who, if not quite millionaires, were wealthy enough to indulge themselves in sensational Socialist book-writing careers.

Or William F. Cochran, heir of the vast Smith Carpet fortune, who, until the war, was an open checkbook supporter of various Socialist causes.

Or Mrs. George D. Herron, née Rand, who endowed the Rand School and supported her gifted husband in his controversial career in two continents.

Or J. G. Phelps Stokes and his sister, Helen Phelps Stokes. J. G. married the glamorous Rose Pastor, and together they made a joint career of militant Socialism and trade unionism until World War I separated them. Helen was a quiet figure who, from her Vermont home, was angel to many Socialist activities and individuals over a period of three decades.

St. Louis had its N. O. Nelson who practiced his Socialism by establishing a large plumbing supply manufacturing business, with his employes as joint owners. As might have been expected, the unfortunate Nelson died broke.

There were two idealistic wom-

en, Sara Bard Field, the poetess, and Mrs. Agnes Brown Leach, wife of the famous Henry Goddard Leach. Although it is doubtful if either carried a Red Card, their donations or bail writing made possible the activist labors of many a radical Hell-raiser of the 1910s and Twenties.

PERHAPS the most pitiable capitalist figure ever to swim into the Socialist Communist stratosphere was Charles Garland, heir of a Massachusetts stove-manufacturing fortune. Garland became indoctrinated, during his college days, with the fixed belief that inherited wealth was immoral. When he became heir to \$800,000 from his father's estate, he spurned the "tainted" heritage and turned it over to a curious hodge-podge of Socialists and Communists, headed by Roger N. Baldwin, and including William Z. Foster, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, Norman Thomas and others.

This dedicated crew proceeded merrily to give away principal and interest to underwrite various Red and Pink causes, the most notable of which was the Communist *Daily Worker*. By a sardonic twist, the laws of capitalist accumulation (which Garland had spurned) increased the fund during the years of its distribution to \$1,600,000. Garland himself was a confused and pathetic figure who sank into obscurity and relative poverty.

It is arguable that the impetus which the Garland Fund gave to various languishing Communist and fellow-traveler agencies in the late Twenties was the principal factor in the surprising buoyancy of Communism in America during the next decade. Another instance of capitalism financing its own discreditment.

BUT THE millionaire radical whom I like to remember, because I saw much of him during the empty latter days of his tortured life, was James Eads How, the now almost forgotten "millionaire hobo."

How was born to the purple in St. Louis—the favorite son of the daughter of Colonel James Eads, who gave his name to the famous bridge which, for years, was the sole span between the city and its Illinois hinterland, and grandson, on his father's side, of a former Mayor of St. Louis. He attended Harvard, and dabbled with the idea of becoming a clergyman.

He was about thirty years old when, one day, he walked into the office of Mayor Ziegenhein and announced that he had a lot of money that didn't belong to him. Ziegenhein was a character in his own right, and for a moment he suspected that a gag was being pulled on him. Police appeared, and How was about to be led away when it dawned on the Mayor that he was in the presence of

a genuine revolutionist against the profit system.

How followed this first publicity stunt by establishing a so-called "Public Fund and Welfare Association." When the respectable trustees, whom he appointed to front for the Fund, looked into its terms they discovered that the not so naïve youth had tied up the money so that it couldn't be given to any professional charity organization. Anticipating Lloyd Douglas's "The Magnificent Obsession," How had stipulated that it must be given away directly. The trustees threw up their hands at such an unconventional approach, and left.

Instead of becoming down-hearted, the millionaire who didn't want to be a millionaire joined the proletariat himself. He grew a wispy beard, donned a black shirt and a shoddy unpressed suit and moved out of his mother's magnificent Lindell Boulevard mansion to a smelly flophouse, down near the river. In a dingy, low-ceilinged second story hall he opened a club-room for St. Louis's hobos—the Brotherhood Welfare Association. He gathered around himself a curious retinue of educated but alcohol-shaken assistants—Henry White, the ex-preacher, Robert W. Irwin, the Socialist tile-setter, "Bad Eye" Nelson, the oratorical Swede, August Schiermeyer, the author of *The Outcast's Prayer*, Mike Walsh, the only professional alms-solicitor who ever succeeded in cashing in

on the name of Mary Garden, and others equally picturesque. With the help of St. Louis newspapermen, looking for local color, How's Sunday afternoon "welfare" meetings, which he recruited by the offer of free coffee and doughnuts, became a Monday morning featured news story.

LATER How became restless with his St. Louis confines and he opened BWA branches in Chicago, Kansas City, Buffalo, New York, Cincinnati, and other cities. He established the *Hobo News*, which has since been commercialized and is now a joke book. He got the effect of being the head of a bonafide "hobo union," and bustled back and forth from city to city holding "hobo conventions," and conferring with local "leaders." Unfortunately, How found himself paying the rent and expenses of each of his headquarters, and carrying everywhere a pocketful of quarters which he discriminatingly passed out among his lieutenants. When I once asked him why he never gave more than a quarter at a time he told me sadly, "If I give them a quarter they will buy food: if I give them more they will buy whiskey."

As the years passed, the hobo role became compulsive for How. He made one effort to escape his life by studying medicine at a St. Louis medical college, and actually getting his degree. But he nev-

er seriously practiced. His real love, to the end, were the homeless, smelly men who crowded around him everywhere to enjoy his reluctant hand-outs. How undoubtedly had clairvoyant moments, but in all my contacts with him, he never permitted himself to admit the futility of his life career.

His worst hurdle was women. There are few women among the genus hobo, but those who were on the road usually drifted to How's headquarters. During his early years, he was accompanied everywhere by a secretary, Cora Harvey, an intense little woman who, with her ex-husband, had been early pioneers of St. Louis Socialism. It was generally understood that the relation was platonic and idealized, but many years later, when How married, Mrs. Harvey sued him for \$100,000 on the ground that they had been engaged for 14 years.

But his real troubles began when he married Ingelborg Sorensen, whom he expected to be a helpmate in his work. Mrs. How seemed to be a wholehearted disciple before marriage, but she soon wearied of the depressing derelicts who cluttered up How's life, and after two years, she left him. Later there were ugly court proceedings about maintenance.

The crowning irony of the Millionaire Hobo's life was that in the end he could not leave the bulk of his fortune to his beloved re-

tainers. His estate became tied in legal knots, and eventually passed to connections who disapproved his way of life.

It is improbable that How, who had messianic complexes, ever fully realized the uselessness of his Spartan life. He enjoyed what he was doing. He gained self-importance from the plaudits of his sycophants. But his career, despite his unquestioned sincerity, was an Alice-in-Wonderland juvenility.

Rich men who become revolutionists live by a strange law of their own. Most of them enjoy the heady rewards of differentness. They like the emotionable experience of shocking the conventional.

How much of exhibitionism, and how much of genuine, if mistaken idealism there is in their attitudes is a question which does not permit easy generalization. Rich radicals are such mixed-up individuals that it is often difficult to disentangle their motivations.

ONE OF the most baffling examples was Marshall Field III. Possessor of one of the most famous fortunes in America, Field, after a playboy youth, decided that he wanted to do some good in the world. By a malign chance, he came under the influence of a Left-minded psychoanalyst who turned his interest to Left causes.

Field never became a Communist, or even a Socialist, but before he had exhausted his new enthusi-

asm he had been persuaded to angel the New York newspaper, *P.M.*, to the tune of several million dollars. *P.M.*, which was popularly referred to as the "up-town *Daily Worker*," and recruited to its staff the most amazing aggregation of Communists and fellow-travelers who ever worked together on an American newspaper. They kidded Field along into making a second huge donation, after the first capital was exhausted, but after almost eight years of publication, the multi-millionaire decided that he had had enough.

The probable explanation for Field's strange adventure into Communist-land was a submerged sympathy for the underdog which came to the surface in middle life in this twisted form.

There are more Fields among American millionaires than is generally suspected. Shrewd Left-Wing money raisers are continuously on the search for such pliable donors.

Another Chicago millionaire who proved to be an easy touch for the Left-Wingers was Mrs. Emmons Blaine, the former Anita McCormick, sister of Harold Fowler McCormick and cousin of Colonel Robert R. McCormick of the ultra-conservative *Tribune*. Mrs. Blaine, a genuinely public-spirited woman, became interested in Left-Wing causes, and World Government, very late in life. Ted Thackrey, after his break with his wife, Do-

rothy Schiff, owner of the New York *Post*, over his support of Henry A. Wallace in 1948, persuaded Mrs. Blaine to contribute \$1,000,000 to underwrite the publication of a Left-Wing New York daily, *The Compass*. At the same time, Mrs. Blaine contributed another \$1,000,000 to endow a foundation for World Government which Wallace was to direct—a venture which never got off the ground.

Certainly, the role which inherited capitalist money has played in the financing of Leftist causes is something which cannot be overlooked.

MOST SUCH apostates to their class see themselves in rosy vision as high-minded idealists. Like How, they believe that they have found in radicalism a way to Damascus which will lead them to

a better life. But most of this strange company, after a few years, slump into disillusionment. Upon closer contact, most of them find that the radical world presents all the human vices which they were seeking to leave behind them. They leave their dream world behind, too, and turn to Rosicrucianism, or Zen Buddhism or other escapist outlets.

Admittedly, it is an enticing thought, for the rich man, to see himself reincarnating the feudal nobles of the French revolution, and renouncing his heritage. The gesture is excellent theatre, but as Caliban asked, "What is the profit on't?"

A better course for the conscience-disturbed millionaire would be to remain modestly with his class, and to use his great wealth to try to make the existing world a better place to live in.

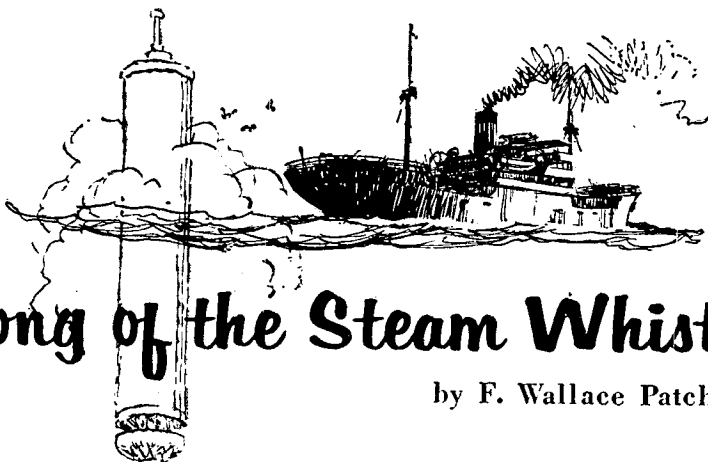
A Call Home

For years Mrs. Brown had tried unsuccessfully to stop her husband Bill from staying out until the early hours of the morning. She had followed the advice of every other wife in the neighborhood but to no avail. Then suddenly, for no apparent reason Mr. Brown started coming home early, to the surprise of all the neighbors.

One morning, Mrs. Smith, the next door neighbor asked, "How did you stop Bill from staying out late?"

"Easily," explained Mrs. Brown, "the other night when he came in at three A.M. I called out, 'Is that you Jack?'"

—RUSSELL NEWBOLD



Song of the Steam Whistle

by F. Wallace Patch

DESIGNED only "to render clearly audible the escape of steam from a safety valve" when invented by Adrian Stephans of Plymouth, England, in 1826, the steam whistle was first used on a steamship, in New England, 11 years later. And now, after more than a century, its supreme attainment occurs only when its sound travels over water.

Perhaps you have not yet felt your heartbeat quickened by the voice of a steamer heading out to sea . . . evoking pictures of far distant shores and a promise of adventure, it holds you at the water's edge, makes you impatient to walk a slanting deck.

The steam whistle's was not a welcome sound along the waterfront when first introduced in 1837. The battle for supremacy between sail and steam was just getting under way. Veteran sailing masters were snorting contemptuously about "tea kettles" and were quick to seize upon every chance for ridicule when Stephen D. Collins installed a steam whistle on the *King Philip*, a small "boiler" then plying between Fall River, Massachusetts, and Providence, Rhode Island.

Fascinated by a locomotive whistle, which he had heard for the first time, Stephen Collins decided to have a sim-

ilar one made for his ship. George H. Preble reported, in his *Chronological History of Steam Navigation*, that the whistle was generally "not liked at first" by passengers or crew; but the historian adds, "its usefulness as a signal led to the whistle's rapid adoption throughout the fast-growing merchant marine."

Now, after 120 years of service, the marine steam signal is threatened with extinction because of the rise of diesel power and compressed air horns.

Technicians may explain that the sound is produced when "steam is directed through an annular opening against the beveled rim of a hemispherical or elongated brass cup, and passes out between upper and lower cups . . ." but no language has provided syllables to describe a ship whistle's tremendous tone or suggest its hypnotic effect.

You cannot watch a great ocean carrier put out to sea without feeling a part of you pulled with her. And when you see that little bundle of steam vapor puff up beside her funnel you hold your breath expectantly. Her "au revoir!" drifts across the widening expanse of water, floats majestically into your ears and seems to stay alive with-

in you.

The Constitution of the United States has been misinterpreted

THE REAL PURPOSE OF OUR

Constitution

by Edgar F. Smith

I AM by dictionary definition a jurist, now retired. For 50 years I have been a student of the philosophy, history and meanings of our Constitution. The men who founded our nation did not claim a *de nova* wisdom in matters of government. By their writings and debates they admitted to having drawn freely on the writings of such liberal and humane philosophers as Aristotle, Cicero, Grotius, Pufendorf, Sidney, Harrington, Locke, Burlamaqui and others.

John Locke wrote that the only valid government is one that is established by the consent of the governed. In each State the people elected representatives to a State convention and vested in such representatives, as their agents, the power to ratify or reject the proposed Constitution. The Constitution was ratified by the people and our government was established by the consent of the governed.

James Harrington wrote that

government is a civil society of men "instituted and preserved upon the foundation of common right and interest (or to follow Aristotle and Livy) it is the empire of laws not of men." Ours is emphatically a government of laws, not of men, or it was until men falsely calling themselves liberals, but who in fact were, and are, reactionaries, took over our government in recent years.

Jean Jacques Burlamaqui favored a form of government that provided for judicial review. The authors of the Constitution recognized the necessity for an independent judiciary, and provided that federal judges should hold office for life, or during good behavior.

The Constitution vests in the federal courts jurisdiction "in all cases . . . arising under this Constitution." When any citizen alleges that he is being deprived of some constitutional right by act of Con-

gress, the executive department or by any State government, he has stated a "case . . . arising under this Constitution." To grant relief in such cases, when justified, the courts have the power to hold invalid any act of Congress, of the executive department or of any State government.

The supreme power of government being vested in the people, they have the power to nullify any decision of the Supreme Court by an appropriate amendment to the Constitution.

The Constitution, at the time it was ratified, established the most liberal government then existing in the world. It was more liberal than that of England where an act of Parliament is the supreme law of the land. The liberalism of our government has continued to grow and develop. This was accomplished by amendments to the Constitution.

OURS is a dual form of government consisting of the federal government and at the present time of 48 State governments. The federal government is a government of limited powers—its only powers being those that have been delegated to it by the people as set forth in the Constitution—and all its powers are carefully enumerated. In any grant of enumerated powers, all powers not enumerated are excluded. All powers not delegated to the federal government

are reserved to the States, or to the people, by the 10th Amendment.

The Supreme Court held that Congress did not have the power to levy and collect an income tax. The people made the 16th Amendment a part of the Constitution which grants to Congress the power to levy and collect an income tax. Unfortunately, this grant of power to collect an income tax is unlimited.

On February 25, 1913, the 16th Amendment became a part of the Constitution, granting to Congress the power to tax incomes. An income tax is a fair method of taxation. I opposed ratification of the 16th Amendment because it contained no limitation on the power of Congress to tax incomes. A multitude of able lawyers who favored ratification of the 16th Amendment said there was nothing to fear in the grant of unlimited power to tax incomes, because Congress was limited in its power to make appropriations for any purpose other than—and here they quoted from the Constitution—"to pay the debts and provide for the common defense and general welfare of the United States" and "for carrying into execution" the other limited powers of the federal government that are enumerated in the Constitution. We who opposed ratification of the 16th Amendment were told not to take counsel of our fears.

Within less than 25 years after

the 16th Amendment became a part of the Constitution, a reactionary and an alien philosophy came to the United States. In violent contrast to the philosophy of the Constitution, it was first accepted by the executive department, then spread to the Congress. The "nine old men" on the Supreme Court who fought against it were referred to as men belonging to the "horse and buggy age." Time removed these "nine old men" from the Supreme Court and they were replaced by men dedicated to this reactionary and alien philosophy.

THIS philosophy did not come from Russia. It came from England. The British economist, John Maynard Keynes, acquired fame in 1919 as the author of the book *Economic Consequences of the Peace*. In this book he adhered to classical economy. Later, in 1929, he endorsed Lloyd George's campaign pledge to promote employment by a program of government spending. Thereafter, Keynes departed entirely from his previous position as a classical economist and became an ardent advocate of government spending and of government planning of the economic life of the people as the only way to insure employment and add to the purchasing power of the nation.

These teachings of Keynes, which are an insidious form of Socialism, greatly influenced the gov-

ernments of several nations, particularly those of England and the United States. England followed the Keynes philosophy faster than the United States. The financial disaster that resulted in that country is now a matter of history. The United States, however, is on the same road that England traveled.

Under the reactionary philosophy of Keynes the executive department, then Congress, and finally the Supreme Court took the words "general welfare" out of the context of the above quotation from the Constitution and declared that by these words the people had delegated to Congress the power to appropriate money for any purpose Congress might deem necessary for the "general welfare of the people." This is a false interpretation.

James Madison, who is often referred to as the "Father of the Constitution," had more to do with the actual writing of the Constitution than any other one man. When Madison was President, Congress passed a bill which, it was claimed, would be for the general welfare of the people. In vetoing this bill Madison said that the power "proposed to be exercised by the bill" was not "enumerated" and could not be "deduced" from the "common defense and general welfare" clause of the Constitution.

President Cleveland, acting on competent legal advice, vetoed a Congressional appropriation for

those suffering from a prolonged drought because the Constitution does not authorize such appropriations by Congress. The power to provide for those in need is one of the many powers of government that is reserved to the States by the 10th Amendment.

The welfare of the United States, as of all nations, is dependent to a large extent upon its financial stability. Inflation impairs, then destroys, the financial stability of a nation, and is the cause of great distress to the people. We have inflation. The unlimited power of Congress to tax incomes, which is authorized by the people, and the unlimited power being exercised by Congress to spend money, which has never been authorized by the people, are the causes of our inflation.

If Congress was held to its constitutional powers to spend, there would be no need for our income taxes to be as high as they are. Congress has spent billions of dollars of tax money for the purpose of engaging in tax-free business enterprises in competition with private business which must pay a 52 per cent income tax plus other taxes. This is Socialism. Our government is no longer a government by the consent of the governed. It is no longer a government limited to the powers delegated to it by the people. It is no longer a government of laws, but is a government of men.

IN RECENT YEARS the Supreme Court has ignored the rule of *stare decisis*, which means to uphold former decisions. This is an important rule because it makes and keeps the law a known and stable thing. It has overruled former decisions of the court, decisions that have been reaffirmed many times, and that have stood for a half century and more. Relying on these former decisions, State governments and individuals have spent huge sums of money, only to be told by the present court that all they had done was illegal. It has overruled decisions made by a majority of the present judges, within a year or two after the decision was made. This makes the law an unknown and an unstable thing. By upholding the power of Congress to put the United States in business in unfair competition with its own citizens, it has changed the whole philosophy of our government. By upholding the power of Congress to spend money for anything a majority of Congress deems for the general welfare it has made the government the master of the people instead of their servant and has added greatly to that evil thing we call inflation.

People are seriously asking: Why try to save anything? The buying power of a thousand dollars saved 15 years ago is now no more than five hundred dollars. The life insurance policies we acquired as the

result of our industry and thrift are worth less and less each year, and the same is true of the pensions we are receiving or hope to receive. Year by year men seek and obtain higher wages, but wage increases are almost immediately offset by higher living costs.

My hindsight is good, but my foresight is obscured by many things, primarily by communistic Russia, with its threat to our very existence and by the unlimited power of the federal government to "tax and tax, spend and spend and elect and elect." I am going to assume that my country will survive in spite of guided missiles and misguided men. In the hunger of my optimism I must believe that we will work our way out of the reactionary and miasmic fog in which our country has existed for the past 25 years, and that this will be done primarily by our present young people. I am encouraged by the resolutions passed by the recent national meeting of Young Republicans condemning certain "general welfare" legislation requested of Congress by the President.

I hope the Young Democrats will likewise condemn what the elders in their party have been doing for the past quarter of a cen-

tury. Perhaps the young people of both parties will form a new political party dedicated to the liberalism of the Constitution.

CONGRESS will never propose amendments to the Constitution limiting its present almost unlimited powers. The only way we can get the needed amendments to the Constitution submitted by Congress is by application of two thirds of the States, and provisions are made for doing this in the Constitution. We need amendments to the Constitution that will make it once again a government of limited powers, by the consent of the governed, and a government of laws, not of men.

Edgar F. Smith was a member of the Bar of the United States Supreme Court, the United States Circuit Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit, the Supreme Court of Texas, and all the United States District Courts in Texas. Former Judge Smith has been eminent Counsel in a multitude of cases involving Constitutional questions. On special occasions, he has served as Special Counsel to Texas Governors.

Bringing up children broadens the mind—if we can keep our minds from disintegrating.

—R. G. GARDNER

WHAT CAN CONSERVATIVES DO?

By Politicus

ONE of the recurrently perplexing problems which confront the American conservative voter is what to do in future elections. With 1958 nearing, the question becomes urgent. Is American conservatism due for another costly set-back?

If conservative spokesmen are aware of this problem, few of them are now giving any convincing signs of their awareness. The conservative movement, now at the crest of its post-war numerical strength, is splintered dismally into hundreds of separate and suicidally rival sects. There is no central planning leadership of the millions of informed Americans who are thoroughly fed up with Eisenhower and with the incredible Earl Warren. Little or no long range thinking is being done on the harrowing question—where are patriot conservatives going, politically?

A few conservatives are courageously trying to do something about it. A nation-wide Constitu-

tion Party, for instance, may become a 1960 political reality as its present nucleus spreads eastward from its bases in California and Texas across the United States. Before the end of the year, a national convention will be held to launch a national party. The Constitution Party will give a political apparatus to American-minded men and women in States where the Republican and Democratic Party machinery has been taken over by the "Liberals" and the "Modern Republicans."

Other specialized organizations which have carried on effective work in constitutional education are (to mention only a few) For America, the American Coalition, the Defenders of the American Constitution, the Alliance, the Women's Conference on National Defense, the Federation for Constitutional Government, the Conservative Party and the Congress of Freedom. The immense radio followings of such fearless broadcasters as Fulton Lewis, Jr., Clar-

ence Manion, John T. Flynn, Frank Kirkpatrick and Paul Harvey also furnish integrating points for patriotic mass action.

But praiseworthy as such movements are, they are not enough. We have not yet found the formula for unified action.

Conservatives face the grim fact that, despite their huge numbers, they have been outsmarted and outmaneuvered in every national convention and election since 1938. This has happened because they have been only an idea and a wish, and not an organization. They have tossed away chances for political plays upon which the nimble-footed "Liberal" tacticians would have ridden to easy victory.

AT THIS MOMENT, for instance, a political blunder of almost epochal dimensions is being made by many Republican Right Wing-ers. I refer to the break-up of the working arrangement which has been informally operative for over 20 Socialist-combating years between Right Wing Republicans and the Southern Democrats.

This working arrangement has been the keystone of conservative power in Congress. It has been our one effective weapon against the continuous Leftist trial balloons and techniques which have come from the White House under the last three Presidents. On most key issues, this *entente* has given conservatism an easy working major-

ity in both branches of Congress. On most definitive issues, the conservative North and the South have thought alike but it didn't work on the McCarthy censorship issue, where Southern Senators pulled a boner of their own in following McCarthy's tormenters.

Now this *entente* is shattering on the incredible and deceptive "issue" of "civil rights." Republicans who should unhesitatingly be on the "No" side on this issue are being hypnotized by the enticing prospect of Northern Negro votes. To win this uncertain—we think fallacious—reward, in the 1958 and subsequent elections, some hitherto Right Wing Republicans are abandoning their Southern friends. It is a shocking instance of complete disregard of long-range strategic considerations in order to grasp an immediate prospect. It may easily, at last, place the Leftists and the wobbly "Middle-of-the-Roaders" in permanent political control of the Republic.

American conservatives have in their hands, in the controversy over the Constitution, the most electrifying political issue of our times. The popular, and National, reaction against the Eisenhower Supreme Court is so intense that a smart conservative leadership could galvanize it into the key 1958 and 1960 issue. The destruction of States' rights, which the Supreme Court is trying to "legalize," is an issue of great potency.

But what are conservatives doing about it?

Mostly they are completely inactive, in the face of this historic Constitutional crisis. Worse, they are permitting the Southern conservatives to exhaust themselves, unaided, in a last ditch fight. The "Liberals" and the faceless men of the "Directorate" are being allowed to win another unearned national political victory.

AS LONG as such irresponsibility and amateurishness rules the actions of Northern American conservatives, they can look forward only to a lengthening vista of continuous defeats.

It is now eleven o'clock on this

Constitutional issue. It is still not too late for American conservatives to do something effective about it. But first, they must recognize the overriding importance of the issue. Such a recognition is appallingly absent today.

The place to register the American will is at the polls. It must be registered at the precinct, as well as at the State and National level. It must be registered at the party primaries, where nominees are selected, as well as at the November elections.

Will conservatives be smart enough to do this at the 1958 and 1960 elections? The answer to this question may spell out the future destiny of this Republic.

Sleuth

We have several slang names for a detective. One of our favorites is *sleuth*. The origin of this term goes back to the time of the early Norsemen.

The Norsemen were noted for their hunting prowess. They could follow even the faintest of animal tracks. The tracks of animals were then known as *sloth*.

When hunting was introduced in Great Britain sometime later, the English borrowed the Norse expression for animal tracks but changed its spelling to *sleuth*.

Hunting dogs, who, like the early Norsemen, were especially trained to track down game were then known as "sleuthhounds."

The word reached our shores in the late 1800's and we soon tacked the name sleuth onto detectives who, like the English hunting dogs, are especially adept at tracking down game.

—ALFRED K. ALLAN

Who invented perforated paper?

TEAR ALONG THE DOTTED LINE



By George A. Osborough

WHEN a business man writes a check and tears it out of his check book with a flick of the hand, does he ever pause to think of the debt he owes to Henry Archer—the Irishman who invented the machine for perforating postage stamps? Archer's system of stamp separation was, of course, quickly applied to all types of forms and tickets, especially where a counterfoil had to be retained. The uses for perforation are now multitudinous—"Tear along the dotted line" has become a phrase taken very much for granted.

Before Archer's invention, postage stamps had to be cut with scissors or torn by hand. Queen Victoria was just ten years on the throne when the inventor first submitted his plan to the Postmaster-General, the Marquis of Clanricarde, on October 1, 1847. In the report which followed, it was stated "The machine appears to be a very clever and useful invention. We are thoroughly convinced that postage stamps separated by it, hav-

ing jagged edges, will adhere to letters far better than those cut from the sheet by knives or scissors. We submit it is most desirable that the invention be recommended to the notice of the Commissioners of Stamps."

The idea of applying perforation to stamps was suggested to Archer by observing the office window-blinds then in use, which consisted of a thin sheet of iron, having a number of small circular holes in close proximity, punched out of the metal. Oddly enough, the inventor had no practical knowledge of machinery, and depended on the machinists he employed to construct and alter his machines.

Although the invention was officially approved in 1847, it was not until 1850 that the various difficulties were overcome, and the invention pronounced successful. During the experimental period, Archer, with the assistance of his able machinist, James Napier, had constructed three different types of the machine in order to rem-

edy several observed defects. The inventor spent almost £1,000 on the project, and resided in London for three years in order to perfect it.

IN 1851, some perforated stamps were sold to Members of Parliament, and this appears to have been the first issue. Those were the days of the Penny Post, and the first penny stamps on perforated sheets were issued to the public in March, 1854. Following upon the recommendation of a Select Committee of the House of Commons in 1852, Archer's invention was purchased by the British Government for the sum of £4,000.

The patent was dated November 23, 1848.

It is noteworthy that although Archer was not mechanically minded, he worked out his plan on lines which to a large extent have not been superseded to this day.

A notice of the inventor's death appeared in *The Times* of April 1, 1863: "On the 2nd. March, at Pau, Basses-Pyrénées, Henry Archer, Esq., the inventor of the machine for perforating postage label stamps."

The next time we write a check or "tear along the dotted line," let us think of this man whose clever plan enables us to perform these commonplace acts so easily.

On the back cover of the June issue of American Mercury there appeared a short essay entitled "Spook Money Haunts the U.S. Treasury" in which excerpts were used from Economic Liberty of Oakland, California. The MERCURY mistakenly attributed the last three paragraphs of this essay to Mr. Eugene C. Pulliam the distinguished publisher of the Indianapolis Star and News. The editors hereby rectify that error. Mr. Pulliam's statement follows:

"A little American Sergeant from Keokuk, Iowa, drove us around Berlin, and, of course, when you get in the Russian zone, you are followed by the secret police, the uniformed police and everybody else. This Sergeant told me that he had sold a wristwatch, which he paid \$29.75 for in 1938, to a Russian Soldier for 14,000 good American dollars, \$10,000.00 for a carton of cigarettes, \$10,000.00 for a pair of nylons, money that was just as good as any money you have in your pockets, and we gave them the plates as a great gesture of good will! What in God's name were we doing—I don't know. And that, ladies and gentlemen, is the fight."

*The choir finds fun as well as joy in
dedicating their voices to God's service*



CONFESSIONS of a CHOIRMASTER

by John Norman

PERHAPS no institution has suffered more from its treatment at the hands of the movies and television than the volunteer church choir. Hollywood seems to have a preconceived notion that every church is either a vast cathedral with a huge professional chorus singing softly off in the unseen distance or else a little brown church in the wildwood where the choir is a small group of musical misfits, competing with each other for volume and constantly encountering difficulty in keeping their teeth in place. There is always a freckle-faced boy pumping the old-fashioned organ with a bespectacled and sour spinster at the keyboard—you've seen it all a dozen times.

Though I must protest that these caricatures do an injustice to the average amateur choir, I must also confess that I—a director of volunteer choirs for many years—would have Hollywood make not the slightest change.

I have sat through many a bad picture twice just to get a second glimpse of one of these musical circuses. Nor do I think them unduly exaggerated; I have rarely seen anything on the screen that I have not also seen in my own choir-loft. The only difference is that Hollywood concentrates in a single group and a single performance what I have seen during decades of Sunday services. The bosomy soprano who ignores the director and turns, solo-style, to the congregation

—she comes directly from my home town church. The man who falls asleep during the sermon—that's my dad, a staunch member of the tenor section. And the director, a wild-eyed long-hair with swallow-tail coat and pince nez—now wait a minute, I've never worn a swallow-tail!

The phenomenal rise in church attendance during the past decade and the corresponding increase in the number of churches have created new thousands of amateur choral groups and placed countless novice musicians in choirlofts. The results have been surprisingly good, and today you hear excellent choral music in even the smaller suburban churches where, "though few in number, they are mighty in voice." The size of these groups may run from a handful up, and their age range is often broad enough to include boy scouts as well as grandparents. They are united in a common love of music, however; and regardless of the quality of their efforts, their enjoyment of their work is unanimous.

THE DIRECTOR of such a group may be anyone—a school teacher, a college student, or even a corporation executive. He may be a volunteer, or, particularly in city churches, he may receive a small salary. I had just launched my own advertising business when I began directing and was strug-

gling to provide myself with any income at all. Having some background in music and choral work, I found a church that needed a director—and have earned my salary ever since.

A church choir director—even a part-time director in a small church—must be an individual of a thousand facets and illimitable patience. His musical qualifications are often least important. For he must also be salesman, speaker, persuader, psychologist, counselor, disciplinarian, teacher, whipping boy, librarian, bookkeeper, wardrobe master, scene designer, organizer and politician as well. His problems are never ended when the anthem is finished on Sunday morning. Between that time and Thursday night's choir practice, he has to hold the interest of a group of widely diversified people, persuade others to join, care for the music and robes, satisfy the budget committee that he is not spending too much, reassure the minister and a few outspoken congregation members that the choir will soon sing their favorite anthems, plan special programs for Christmas and Easter, and perhaps even convince the organist that her music is appreciated and that next week she will be allowed to play her offertory through to the end.

If he manages to do all of this without spending most of his time at the church, he will be remarkably efficient. If he does it for

money, he is wasting his time. But if he gains from it the sheer pleasure of creating great music and praising God, he is perhaps the most happy and satisfied man in the church.

He soon learns that anything can happen in a choirloft; and he is neither surprised nor shocked by the errors—his own as well as the choir's—which inevitably occur in the course of a dignified Sunday service. I thought that everything had happened to me until one morning I fell asleep during the pastoral prayer and left the minister's closing plea hanging in the air without its usual choral response!

Another of my own boners, fortunately out of sight of the congregation, came when, at a climactic moment in a dramatic anthem, I knocked my stool off the podium. To everyone who asked about the noise afterward, I explained that the organist was trying some new and unconventional percussion effects. The same story would never explain, however, the alto who, just as the choir's glorious and thrilling amen died away to dramatic silence, failed to stifle a loud and resounding belch. The immediate blossoming of her face into fiery red left no doubt in anyone's mind of the source of the "extra note."

IN MY CHURCH a half-wall separates the choir loft and pulpit.

It prevents my seeing the minister or his seeing me. One morning the preacher failed to note that the anthem would immediately precede the sermon. Signalling the choir to rise, I turned to cue the organist to begin. At that moment, while the choir stood with mouths opened to sing, the minister began his sermon, unconscious of the preparations to his rear. Frustrated, I seated the group again before chuckles from the congregation made the "boss" realize his error. With both of us thrown for a loss, neither the minister's sermon nor my anthem turned out very well.

An especially high proportion of young people has always characterized my choir. Its large number of teen-age boys has sometimes created discipline problems, but it has also helped accomplish the eternally difficult task of balancing male and female sections. And it has kept me and the other adult members well informed of modern music and contemporary nomenclature. "Accelerando" has given way to "cut out"; we never sing with abandon—we "go ape"; and we do not crescendo to a fortissimo closing—we "give it a great big Cinemascope ending." I discovered months ago that my high school members were recruiting fellow classmates by telling them that ours was "the only choir in town that sings bop." And last Christmas, one of my young basses gave me high praise when, as I sat next

to him after leading a carol, he whispered, "Man, that was a real cool 'Silent Night'!"

Moments like these, when tensions are relieved and the choir's voices are raised in laughter, are only incidental, though, to the real moments of triumph when the same voices are raised in praise. I regard it as part of my job to see that choir work is fun; but every member of my group is aware, too, of our deep and serious purpose to lead in the worship of God.

I have seen that responsibility and deep awareness work wonders in the choirloft. Years ago I interested in choir work a teen-ager whose behavior bordered on juvenile delinquency. At first the choir succeeded only in dragging him away from the "wrong crowd" for a couple of nights a week. Then gradually he began to drift, on his own, away from that crowd, and he was seen more often with the kids from our Sunday School. Soon he was drawn into the church; and today he is a faithful and indefatigable adult worker. I have had countless others of these one-time "problem children" who overcame their problems when they were given a share in our

work. Young couples with growing families, it would seem, would be discouraged by our busy and demanding schedule of rehearsals and two morning services every week. One woman with five children, though, has an attendance record with but a few absences in years. And I have learned not to fear asking the group to sing for a special service or another church or a veterans' hospital. I have heard the prayers of almost every member of my choir and grown humble before their dedication.

PERHAPS my choir fits the Hollywood stereotype of the little brown church in the wildwood. Perhaps its efforts are closer to bop than Bach. But my life and the lives of the members are richer and fuller as a result of our efforts. In each Sunday's few moments of sheer beauty that we create with music, we come closer to God, we experience the deep satisfaction of giving ourselves to Him, the humble dedication of our hearts and voices in union to a Power that is greater than man's, a spirit that transcends our own, toward Whom our voices and spirits rise.

AMERICAN MERCURY READERS

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Stone Age

by Nell Murbarger

WHICH pioneer settler in the American Southwest first enriched his table and his life through the benefits of land irrigation, is a matter that has caused much historical hair-splitting. Various biographers have claimed this distinction for the Spanish Mission fathers, for the Mormons, and for sundry individuals. Truth is, however, no agriculturist of historic time is even remotely eligible for the honor of having been "first" to employ the processes of reclamation. The real pioneers of water husbandry in the United States were members of a race whose fields had produced for some 1500 years and had been abandoned long before any white man set foot in the Western Hemisphere!

These early farmers, who are known to archeologists as the Hohokams—"The People Who are Gone"—lived in Arizona so many centuries ago that the most ancient legends of present day Pueblo Indians tell almost nothing about

them or their incredible way of life. Yet, despite the antiquity of these people, there still may be traced across the Arizona desert great lengths of the irrigation canals built by them, some sections of which even have been incorporated into the present irrigation systems of modern ranchers!

According to archeologists Hohokam farmers began irrigating their fields at least 20 centuries ago when the New World was still in the constricting grip of the Stone Age. Not until the Spanish Conquistadores arrived on the scene, centuries after the Hohokam had vanished, would men of the Southwest know the benefits of their first metal tool, wheeled vehicle, or beast of burden; yet, these determined agriculturists, using only stone "hoes" lashed to handles by means of skin thongs, worked their way through the dry, adamant earth—through the tough roots of giant cactuses and the oak-hard stems of desert shrubs!

Inch by inch, and pound by pound, the Hohokam laborer loosened the material slated for removal. Using his bare hands to collect the loosened earth and rocks, he transferred it to a hand-woven basket, and with the strength of human muscle, alone, carried this heavy load to some section of the canal where fill dirt was needed. After emptying his filled basket, with his bare feet he trampled the loose earth into place. Then he returned to his source of supply and began the laborious process of chipping out another basketful of earth.

How many years this laborious process was continued is something no man can say, but before his work was finished, the Hohokam had excavated irrigation canals as much as 25 feet in width, 15 feet deep, and 25 miles in length! The extent of these Herculean labors can scarcely be imagined. The Water Resources Policy Commission of the United States Government reports that such canals and their side laterals once formed a virtual network over the present states of Arizona and New Mexico; in the Salt River Valley of Arizona, alone, they carried water to an

estimated quarter-of-a-million acres of farm land!

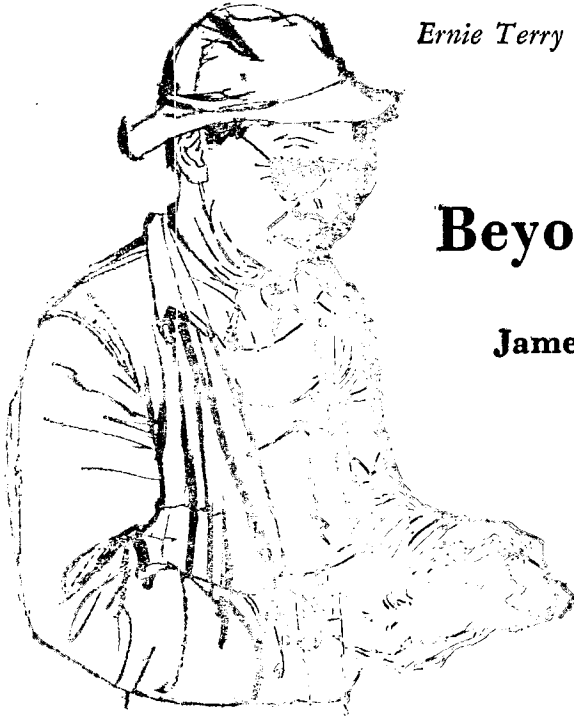
WHEN OTHER Western American Indian tribes were still largely nomadic, depending for sustenance upon wild meat, seeds, fruits, and herbs, men of the Hohokam culture were already enjoying a high degree of security and plenty. They tilled their irrigated fields of corn, squashes, beans, melons and cotton, and stored the fruits of their labors in tight granaries. They wove baskets, mats, and sandals from fibers of the wild yucca plant. They dressed in garments skillfully fabricated from cotton lintens, and dwelt in well-built stone-and-adobe apartment houses which stood as many as four stories in height and containing hundreds of rooms each.

None of this abundance would have been possible to the Hohokam, if he had not first established a stabilized way of life by controlling the scant water of his desert homeland so that it might be used when and where needed.

Thus it may be said that in the irrigation canals of Arizona and New Mexico was born the earliest civilization in the United States.

When the Italian, Marco Polo, made his famous journey almost 700 years ago, he found a very efficient method of air-conditioning in Arabia. And in China he saw complicated canal locks whose basic design was almost the same as that in use today.—MARGUERITE TILLER.

Ernie Terry conquered blindness



Beyond Sight

by
James E. Hanson

LATE last summer an elderly miner jogged down a dusty, twisting mountain road in Montana. His thoughts were on the road ahead and the cabin behind, where a woman lay—perhaps dying.

Ernie Terry made the three-and-a-half miles in two hours. His trip to a telephone saved the life of 74-year-old Betty Peters, who had rented the extra cabin at his mine. She had suffered a stroke that morning.

Sixty-two-year-old Ernie was surprised at the furor he caused:

“Heck, I’ve known for years I could make it, easy.”

Ernie Terry is blind.

In a few hours he went back to the mine. He had saved a life and had won a tighter grip on the independence he insists is his right.

Ernie likes people even better than mining, and all summer his mountaintop claim bustles with visitors. His callers include other blind from all over the West, relatives of persons who are blind, his own many friends, and some merely curious strangers. He tries to

help others who are blind to accept it as they would baldness or big feet.

"Don't let it stop you from doing what you want," he tells them.

In 1916, Ernest R. Terry left his native Clinton in western Montana and rode the rods seventy miles southeast to Butte. He went to work in the copper mines, trying to make a stake because he was about to get married. He was 22, a medium-tall young man with dark hair and light blue eyes. The only thing in any way remarkable about him was his energy.

On June 8, 1916, the power drill he was sinking into the rock bored into a previously drilled hole whose dynamite charge hadn't gone off as scheduled. It went off for young Terry.

Ernie felt the warm blood trickle over his face and chest, and felt the heat of the foreman's carbide lamp on his face. He raised a numb arm and rubbed the blood from his eyes. Still the tunnel was dark.

"Leave me here," he gasped. "Don't take me out. I can't live blind."

But the miners took him out.

He told his fiancée, "I'll never marry you. I won't tie you down to a blind man." (After a few years she believed him and married another man.)

ERNE went on alone, first to collect \$4,000 state compensation

for total disability and then to a Philadelphia specialist who gave him no hope. On his way home he consulted another specialist in Milwaukee. This doctor operated three times.

In the Milwaukee hospital bed Ernie guided a pencil along a rubber band a nurse had stretched across a piece of paper, writing an optimistic letter home. This gave his mother the impression he could see again, but when the bandages came off the world was still dark for Ernie.

He went home Christmas Eve, 1916, to a house jammed with relatives and other friends celebrating his newborn sight. The gaiety choked off as Ernie groped through the crowd and stopped near his sobbing mother.

A few months later he sank the rest of his compensation money into a grocery at Clinton, and it gave him enough for a living while he fought for normalcy. Ernie's unused pupils had caved slightly inward but the cross-shaped surgical scars had held firm, giving his eyes a squarish look. This he hid behind dark glasses.

Within nine years he'd come so far he thought maybe he could marry, after all, and soon had a bride. The marriage lasted three years before his wife ran away with another man, whom she married after getting an uncontested divorce from Ernie.

A few days afterward the other man walked into Ernie's little store and tried to justify himself. Ernie didn't hear the words, but he locked his blind man's radar on the voice and let fly. The other went down; cursing, he scrambled up and lunged. He'd made the mistake of talking, letting Ernie draw a bead on his mouth—and he went down again. He stayed down.

The 1929 market crash came and Ernie went broke, along with almost everyone else. It was no tragedy, though; he was bored with commerce, and he had located a promising mining claim near the top of 5,800-foot Camas Mountain, seven miles north of Clinton.

First he needed a place to live, so he built a cabin—just like that! He cut the logs, had a friend skid them a hundred yards to his claim, then he notched the ends and fitted 15 x 30-foot walls; another friend helped him start the roof, but Ernie finished it. Soon the cabin was ready and he moved in.

He got an ore car his grandfather had used in the 1860s, hauled in several hundred feet of rail and started boring and blasting into the mother rock of Camas Mountain. Since then he's spent every summer at his Belle View Mine—the claim's original name. He's built two more cabins, piped water from a spring on the mountain, gouged out a parking lot, built a small footbridge to the

mine, and tunneled four hundred solid-rock feet into the mountain. He's found a partner, John Hardman of nearby Missoula, who helps when he can and does most of the shoring-up.

SUMMERS were heaven for Ernie, but winters dragged, with six feet of snow on the mountain and Ernie living with his sister, Clinton's postmistress. He doesn't read Braille because he's an active man with no interest in reading. Unlike many blind people, he hasn't even a dog to keep him company; he just doesn't need a seeing-eye.

He took up a few hobbies, like digging wells. He's sunk four of them some six feet wide and thirty feet deep, with a little help shoring the sides.

He became a tap-dancer. He's always loved to dance ("Want to know how to keep young? Just dance as much as you can.") and whirls his partners dizzy at every shindig within fifty miles. Tap-dancing was one of his many ambitions, and it's typical that after a winter of lessons he became Clinton's dancing master. He teaches schoolchildren, for free; last winter at a Women's Club show he and two star pupils brought down the house with a tap routine and tore through encore after encore.

He bought a truck, vintage 1929. Keeping this in top condition made Ernie a fair mechanic, so now he keeps Clinton's cars running.

"You know," he said pensively one day, "if I could by some miracle get my sight back I'd have a heck of a time deciding whether to take it or not. There's a lot of different sides to it—I haven't got an enemy, for one thing. Even people you ordinarily couldn't call good, they're good to me. They seem to think I'm somebody special, blind. I'd just be anybody, or nobody, if I could see.

"Blind people ought to find something they like to do and keep at it. And make plenty of friends, there's nothing better than friends. Then they wouldn't have time to think about themselves and get down in the mouth.

"I'm one of the lucky ones. I like mining better than anything and I get along real good without sight, underground. I learned mining before I got blind. I know where everything is in the mine because I put it there myself. Why, I can do anything around here."

That sounded like bragging, so I spent some time with him to find out.

HE GOT UP at six o'clock, as always, not by an alarm clock but because he was through sleeping. He swung his feet to the cold clean floor and reached for his clothes on a chair beside the bed.

He walked briskly across the chilly room to the kitchen range beside the door, stuffed in paper and shavings and fumbled a match

from the rat-proof jar on the cupboard. The fire caught on the first match.

Humming a tune from the 1920s, he grabbed a griddle from its hook and slammed it on the stove. He mixed pancake batter with a fork ("Never, never use an eggbeater for flapjacks."). Waiting for the griddle to reach the right temperature, he crossed to the corner washstand, washed, lathered and, peering intently at nothing, shaved with a safety razor. ("In town, I use an electric.")

He tossed the water downhill through the door, put on his glasses, went back to the stove and held his palm near the smoking griddle. Whistling, he ladled out the batter, two spoonfuls per hotcake and eight cakes on the griddle—none too near the edge nor touching another.

After breakfast he put on his old hat and felt beside the door for his four-foot peeled maple stick. Stick probing ahead, he strolled up the steep path to the newest cabin, gleaming yellow in the morning sun. There he changed into work-tattered overalls and rubber boots. With the stick chopping the air like a machete, he headed across the pole bridge toward the black mouth of the mine in the hillside.

The rusty little ore car crouched just inside the mine's entrance. Ernie propped his stick between two gray timbers along the wall.

"Won't need that," he chuckled.

"Say, you better take one of them paloosers hanging there on the wall. You'll need light." A paloozer turned out to be a candle-bearing gallon can with one side cut out.

Ernie rumbled away down the track with the ore car, leaning forward under dripping timbers that lurk five feet above the floor to crack unwary heads. I sloshed along behind. The mine twisted like a snake through the rock where Ernie had followed his vein. I stopped and covered the candle; the mine was dark as death. The blind miner had shoved off into the black of the tunnel; he had work to do.

Soon Ernie was rhythmically battering a heavy maul against the nickel-sized head of a steel drill he was driving into the face of the rock.

"Drilling a powder hole," he explained. "The rock isn't very hard here and it doesn't take long. Where it's hard, I use an auger. Come on up, I'll show you something. You can squeeze by the car on your left, there."

HIS BIG HANDS roved tenderly over the rock and moved up a seam of darker stone which I could see but couldn't feel when I tried.

"See this layer here? That's the vein. There's copper in there, and a little silver and maybe some other stuff." He kicked the side of the tunnel. "This black crumbly stuff

is iron. That light rock next to it has a lot of talc in it. Now listen."

He grabbed a pick and slammed it into the water-beaded rock face.

"Hear how drummy that is? That means there's talc behind this granite, and a good chance of something better coming up.

"Hand me a piece of rock, I'll show you how to tell what's in it. Take this side now." He rubbed a thumb over a hump.

"Isn't there some white quartz right there?" There was. "That quartz is ore-bearing in these parts. There are probably little flashes in it. Silver.

"Now look at the other side. See the blue and green right there? That's copper. Or copper stain, rather. From the vein." He tossed the rock over his shoulder and it landed in the middle of the car.

He reached behind a timber and pulled out a shovel, which he jammed into the rock pile at the foot of the end wall. I moved down the shaft out of the way of rocks that might miss the car. None did. Working steadily and unhurriedly, Ernie filled the car in a few minutes. My offer to push the car was, like other offers of help, politely refused.

Ernie shoved the car down the tunnel and soon we burst out into sunshine that had never seemed so bright. He didn't have to stop in the sun to blink away the mine's dark, so he was far out on the rock dump before I could see him. He

had to unload at the end of the dump, which there rises forty feet above the rocky canyon floor. Half a yard from disaster he stopped, heaved the car's body around, unlocked the endgate and hoisted the stern. Rock cascaded down the dump's side. Three more loads and he was ready to blast. He plucked dynamite, caps and fuse nonchalantly from a box in the new cabin and stuffed them into his pockets.

BACK in the mine, he worked quickly and surely, as always. He poked two half-sticks of dynamite into each powder hole, crimped deadly caps on four-foot fuses, shoved them in after the dynamite and added two more half-sticks to each hole. He ground the whole mess to bits with a pole. ("That's to make sure the powder and caps get together.")

He split the ends of the fuses with a knife; held one of the split ends between thumb and index finger and brought the flame of a candle nearer and nearer. His fingers joined flame and fuse with a deliberation that was agony to me. The fuse sputtered and began to turn to ash as fire crawled toward the powder.

Ernie found the end of the other fuse and held the flame near. "I never light them both at once," he said. "Light them separately and you can hear each one go off. Then you don't accidentally drill into a loaded hole."

Finally the second fuse hissed. He gathered up his knife and candle and strolled back to the ore car.

"Nervous?" he asked suddenly; and at his explosive chuckle I jerked and banged my head on a timber.

I almost climbed up Ernie's back on the way out. His timing was perfect, though; as I crowded past him in the widening entrance, two dull thuds told him another foot of his tunnel lay waiting to be hauled out.

Ernie left the car in the tunnel's mouth and stalked across the little bridge. He changed his clothes in the cabin, and then poked the walking stick down the trail to his home. There he made lunch—fried potatoes and ham, and bread he'd baked himself.

For those who have poked and pried and still haven't tumbled to his secret, Ernie—surprised anyone should consider it important—sums it up:

"I just do what I want."

A new preacher was preparing to give his first sermon on a cold February Sunday. One of the church's deacons patted him on the shoulder and said, "Go out there and give your sermon boldly. You're not afraid of them are you?"

"Certainly not," the young preacher came back. "The choir and I have them outnumbered."

—KEN SHIVELY

A CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR SURVEYS THE DIVIDED WORLD

by Evangelist Billy James Hargis

This is the first of a series of articles by Evangelist Billy James Hargis, of Tulsa, Oklahoma, who decided to go around the world as an impartial and non-political observer and to report to the American people what he learned during his trip

WE ARE ambassadors for Christ." This quotation from Corinthians has always been a tremendous challenge to me. As followers of the Lowly Galilean who became the Living God, we are Christian Ambassadors. This is a dynamic and thrilling responsibility. As a Christian Evangelist, with a daily and weekly broadcast over American radio stations, I felt that I owed my listeners—the people who look to me for spiritual guidance and leadership—a true, unvarnished report of world affairs. I believed that there was a definite need for an average American citizen to visit the trouble spots of the world. His objective would be to digest the problems and opinions of our trusted allies and to encourage them with a Christian word on behalf of the individual

Christian of America. He should demonstrate to the average man in other lands the importance of plain John Doe under our successful Christian free enterprise system.

Most Americans who travel do so purely for pleasure. On the other hand, those who go abroad to study political problems are usually "professionals"—political appointees whose opinions are dictated by Administration policy.

Thus I decided that I would tour the globe. I had no axe to grind. I represented no one. My briefcase did not contain foreign-aid dollars. I was just an American, —thankful for our Christian system, thankful for our Constitution, thankful for the integrity of the individual and the inspiration of freedom—an Ambassador for the King of Kings, Jesus Christ.

I left my home in Tulsa on April 26, and went directly to Washington. There, Ambassador Hollington K. Tong gave a luncheon in my honor at the Chinese Embassy.

Rarely has a man impressed me as much as this dynamic Christian statesman. A professional in political life, an author of tremendous ability, and an outstanding public speaker, he long has been completely devoted to the precepts of Jesus Christ.

Mr. Tong revealed to me a beautiful vision: as soon as he feels that he has accomplished his best for the Free China he loves so dearly, he plans to discontinue diplomatic service and take up the Cross of Christian service. He aspires to serve as a Minister of Christ.

In Washington, I enjoyed interviews with Congressman Wint Smith of Kansas and Congressman Page Belcher of Oklahoma. Both of these men are intellectually honest, and are determined to serve the cause of Christian Americanism.

A visit with Major General Charles Willoughby, former Chief of Intelligence for General Douglas MacArthur, was most rewarding.

This brilliant man is indeed one of the great military minds of our generation. His advice unfortunately goes unsought and his guidance spurned by our present White House.

I DON'T believe I will ever be able to understand why our soldier-President completely shuns the counsel of these great soldier-statesmen—men like MacArthur, Willoughby, Mark Clark, Wedemeyer—in favor of the dubious counsel of such opportunists as Stassen and Milton Eisenhower.

I am reminded of the statement made by West German Chancellor Konrad Adenauer to the now Secretary-General of NATO, Paul-Henri Spaak: "Make use of the time while I'm still alive, because when I'm gone it will be too late."

Our President, apparently remembering former petty jealousies, chooses to ignore these men. Yet, America desperately needs their help. When will the United States demand the counsel and guidance of these great Crusaders?

My first and, perhaps, most important responsibility overseas was to serve again as Chairman of the Bible Balloon Project of the International Council of Christian Churches. During the past five years, we have launched over 250,000 gas-filled balloons. These balloons carry portions of the Bible, translated into five languages, into the Communist-dominated nations. On May 9-11, an additional 25,000 balloons containing 125,000 portions of the Word of God, were to be floated behind the Iron Curtain.

When we arrived at the West German border of Czechoslovakia, the prevailing winds were anything

but satisfactory. In order to reach the desired countries with our balloons, the wind must blow eastward. However, the winds greeting us were westerly. My European co-worker, Rev. J. C. Maris of Amsterdam, and I began to pray for good winds . . . seeking the Saviour, the Master of the elements; to command favorable winds. While we were praying in our hotel room, a call came from the launching site that the winds had changed as if by miracle. Our co-workers, mostly refugees from Communist lands, were spurred on by the written testimony of Bela Kovacs, a freedom fighter from Hungary, who has just recently escaped. Mr. Kovacs wrote how eagerly the people of Hungary awaited our Bible Balloons each year. He said, "One of the ways to spread the Gospel was to join the underground movement so as to fight for religious freedom, and to be able to distribute religious tracts sent to us by means of your gas-filled balloons. We knew of the launchings through secret radio connections. This news was passed along through the underground. We shot down some of the balloons with air rifles, so they would not drift away. I had a motor bike and used this means to transport the tracts from town to town, and had to repaint the color from week to week so that I would not be recognized. Several times we had to use duplicating machines to make more

tracts as we did not have enough to pass out to the people who regarded them as valuable treasures. This was their only means of spiritual food since the Gospel-teaching churches had been closed by the Communists."

This statement comes almost as an answer to our prayer, that these balloons would inspire the oppressed souls under the tyranny of Communism to break the chains that bind them. It is our greatest hope that these Bible Balloons—with the message of freedom in Christ—will inspire men to serve the cause of Christ and Freedom, to the end that the atheistic regimes in Communist lands might fall and Christian governments might rise in their place, and that all men, everywhere, may again have the freedom to publish and purchase Bibles, and worship God according to their own convictions.

MY VISIT to Beatenberg, Switzerland, was a spiritual high-point. High in the mountains of Switzerland lies this sleepy village called St. Beatenberg. It is the home of Doctor Gertrude Traeder Wasserzug. Unassuming, small in stature, quite plain in dress, this famous woman religious leader, carries on one of the most interesting ministries in our time. She may well affect the spiritual life of a million Protestants in the world today. Men have likened her to Joan of Arc, because of her cru-

sading spirit and uncompromising attitude toward the tremendous issues of today's world. It was Billy Graham who said of her, "This woman has had the greatest influence on my ministry."

This was my sixth trip to the institution headed by this woman. There are 140 highly trained, carefully selected students in her school, with a staff of 44 teachers and helpers. Each student is studied personally. His problems and questions are gently solved and he is prepared for extraordinary service in a world that needs leaders. No tuition, room or board are charged the students or the more than 7,000 pilgrims that visit Beatenberg each year for Bible instruction and individual spiritual assistance. Beatenberg is also a haven for serious-minded, qualified refugee students from Communist lands.

The combination Seminary-Bible School-College-Missionary Training School and Holy Place, is the result of sacrificial labors, hard knocks and providential guidance. Founded in 1934 by Mrs. Wasserzug and her famous theologian husband, the school has progressed in a miraculous manner. Today, the widow of the famed theologian sponsors 200 missionaries on foreign fields. Altogether, 400 missionaries, graduates of Beatenberg, serve God and the Cause of Freedom on every continent in the world. Similar schools have been

created by this lady in Italy, Germany, France and Israel, all staffed by graduates of Beatenberg.

Seven international Christian Conferences are held at Beatenberg annually, including the World Evangelization Conference and the International Mission Week Conference. Over 1,000 teen-agers (at least half from the east zone of Germany), receive Bible training at Beatenberg during the summer months. A powerful ally of the free world, Mrs. Wasserzug asks no pittance nor desires any adulation, but honestly and earnestly seeks to train young men and women in the Ways of God.

IN ISTANBUL, Turkey, I interviewed professors, businessmen, political leaders, radicals and pacifists. Turkey is a strategic nation. In my interview with Major General Charles Willoughby in Washington before leaving, he had pointed out the importance of Turkey. He believes that Soviet Russia, in attempting conquest of the Middle East, will strike first at Greece and the Straits area, and second, through combined attacks from the Straits and the Black Sea, Turkey will fall. To me, this is sound reasoning. Greece is plagued with Communism. At the last national election, the country almost elected Communist leadership. A conservative guess is that one out of every three persons in Greece today is either secretly or openly

allied with Communism. It would not be too difficult for Communism to conquer such a divided land.

Turkey is bankrupt economically; her currency falls almost daily. A tourist heading for Turkey would be wise to exchange American dollars for Turkish money before entering the country. There are at least three rates of exchange in Turkey—a tourist rate, a special rate for American servicemen, and a rate for the citizen of Turkey.

Turkey looks to the United States for two things: (1) for an economic come-back via American dollars, and (2) for military protection against their neighbors to the North, Russia. Their hatred of Russians is as old as the proverbial hills.

These were my feelings as I left Turkey. I had seen much that made me certain that I should continue my trip as a Christian Ambassador.

In the next issue Evangelist Hargis will discuss other countries he visited on his itinerary.



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THE BOOK SHELF

THE AGE OF MANIPULATION

By CEDRIC LARSON

THE HIDDEN PERSUADERS. By Vance Packard. David McKay Company, Inc., New York, 1957. viii—275 pages, with index. \$4.00.

MADISON AVENUE is the nerve center of the American advertising industry whose annual intake now comes close to ten billion dollars a year.

In this rather scary book we have a detailed account of how advertisers utilize the depth interview, motivational research and latest findings from the behavioral sciences to coax us into buying more and more of this and that.

Author Vance Packard is a 42-year-old free lance writer, who was for 14 years a staff writer at Crowell-Collier, first on American Magazine and later on Collier's. He now specializes in articles on "human behavior."

The book contains 23 chapters, 15 of which show how we are persuaded as consumers, and five of them are devoted to explaining how we are persuaded as citizens. Two final chapters are devoted to questions of validity and of ethics.

The author shows how, increasingly since the end of World War II, the advertising experts have slowly

been shifting interest from researchers who count noses to researchers who explore in depth human motivation, deep-seated drives and other esoteric springs of human action.

We have entered, says Mr. Packard, the Age of Manipulation. He pays tribute to the progress that psychology has made in the past decade or two in probing deeply into men's minds. But the author would have us evaluate morally the use of such information for purely promotional and commercial purposes—a tendency that he finds "antihumanistic."

The author documents the pages of *The Hidden Persuaders* with scores of consumer case studies. He shows how the advertising industry, for example, has studied minutely the psychology of "impulse buying" on the part of American women, and manipulated appeals, displays and packaging so that this type of selling has increased a hundred fold in five years.

One large tobacco manufacturer recently spent a quarter of a million dollars to redesign, re-color and re-package a cigarette container. Sales volume has since doubled.

The book is essentially the story of the recent use of motivational re-

search (M.R. on the Avenue) on a large scale. Cigar smoking is an adult version of thumb-sucking. Should you like soup, analysts find that's a retrogressive memory of the womb. That new car of yours is an expression for suppressed aggressions. And what do you know about cake symbolism?

Mr. Packard tells us that he spent years gathering the material for this book. He perused more than three million words on the subject, and consulted over 1500 sources. Large advertising firms threw their files open to him.

When you finish the last page of the book, you can see what a tremendous revolution has been wrought in advertising in the past decade. In 1945 a Madison Avenue copywriter would have had no more than a vague notion of what a psychologist might be. Today an agency of any pretensions at all may have one to a dozen resident head shrinkers on its staff full time, whose pronouncements must be had before any advertising campaign of sorts is launched.

The motivation boys are definitely in the saddle on Madison Avenue these days. Probably 250 full or part-time psychologists work with the advertising fraternity in the New York area alone. Even in a casual business lunch of ad-men you are apt to hear the erudite jargon of psychiatry in every sentence.

And if you perchance want to get ahead in the advertising game today, toss your advertising text-book in the ash can. You must learn instead a lot about Freud, and quite a bit about Korzybski, Pareto, Reich, Cassirer, Riesman, Erich Fromm, Sulli-

van, Pavlov, Whitehead and Durkheim. Study information theory and cybernetics.

All in all, it looks like the hidden persuaders have taken over the ad-men. One firm which specializes in M.R. charges \$500 a day for its services, and has work lined up for six months ahead. Other M.R. outfits charge from \$25,000 and up (and get it) to find out why a product isn't doing so well, or how lagging sales can be stepped up by changing the pitch of the advertising, and re-designing or re-coloring the packaging, or sometimes changing the name of the product.

Packard questions whether advertisers are on firm moral ground when they probe deeply and exploit the consumer's sexual sensitivities and yearnings purely for commercial purposes. He points out that millions of dollars are spent annually in advertising to promote the "psychological obsolescence" of products currently in use, and feels that this develops an attitude of wastefulness toward national resources.

He shows that a Davy Crockett craze can be synthetically created and that a political personality can be manufactured as readily. In chapters entitled "The Engineered Yes," "Care and Feeding of Positive Thinkers" and "The Packaged Soul," he shows how mind-molding techniques of Madison Avenue are now being utilized by ambitious political figures at election time to garner in the votes.

The last two chapters deal with tangible suggestions as to how the hidden persuader may be curbed. He advocates that such organizations as the Advertising Research Foundation

and the Public Relations Society of America draw up realistic codes to limit the behavior of professional probers. He recommends that the Social Science Research Council and the American Psychological Association build up codes of ethics which psychologists and kindred social scientists must follow when they are put on the lush payrolls of Madison Avenue.

But, he points out, the greatest defense against hidden persuasion by the American people is after all the freedom of choice. "We can choose not to be persuaded," he says. He adds that we cannot be too easily manipulated if we know what is going on.

He feels that basically the American citizen is a pretty solid individual who may be taken in once or twice, but once wised up, may be tough to catch again.

The author says in his closing lines: "I concede that some pushing and hauling of the citizenry is probably necessary to make our \$400 billion-a-year economy work, with lures such as premiums and 36-months to pay.

"But certainly our expanding economy can manage to thrive without the necessity of psychoanalyzing children or mind-molding men or playing upon the anxieties we strive to keep to ourselves. America is too great a nation—and Americans too fine a people—to have to tolerate such corrosive practices."

"The most serious offense many of the depth manipulators commit, it seems to me, is that they try to invade the privacy of our minds. It is this right to privacy in our minds—pri-

vacy to be either rational or irrational—that I believe we must strive to protect."

And to this the present reviewer says a fervent Amen!



OPERATION SEA LION. By Peter Fleming. Simon and Schuster, New York. 323 pp. \$5.00.

IF EVER there was a moment in modern history when the future of the world depended on quick decision against a demoralized enemy, it was in World War II in the agonizing summer of 1940. An invasion of England was planned and mounted by Hitler, but finally abandoned. With unprecedented victory in hand (France had fallen and Europe was at Hitler's feet), he procrastinated in a move until it was too late to accomplish what might have been a death-blow to the British. The fatally propitious time for such action was in early June, as soon as possible after the complete disaster suffered by the British at Dunkirk. But apparently because of his "intuition" that the beaten and beleaguered islanders would capitulate without this measure, Hitler indulged in persistent wishful thinking and lost the opportunity to rank with William the Conqueror.

Time was of the essence, yet Der Fuhrer waited until July 16 (six weeks after Dunkirk) before issuing his Directive No. 16, to prepare for the deferred invasion, under the code name of "Operation Sea Lion," which preparation would entail at least another four weeks. And meanwhile

every day's delay lessened the chances of its success in the rapid recovery of British morale, strength, and their countermeasures against the anticipated attack, which they expected to be airborne. True enough, its fearful overture was assigned to the Luftwaffe the last part of August and the first part of September, but the RAF proved more than a match for the blitzkreig armada. So the invasion was called off!

Fantastic as this invasion-that-didn't-come-off is, it is still more so when Peter Fleming takes you behind the scenes of the drama enacted. Based on authentic German and British sources he had access to, and assembling the evidence of living witnesses, he probes into and analyzes all the available factors concerned in "Operation Sea Lion," and tells his story in a simple but splendid prose that rivets a reader's interest. Churchill, as we know, has given his account in *Their Finest Hour*. Fleming's is worth a place alongside it as a valuable reference work for future historians. His last chapter, "The Reckoning," is a masterpiece of analytical reasoning.

The illustrations show a very pertinent selective choice, especially a German map of the plan of assault, some striking photographs, and enlivening line-drawings from *Punch* and the London *Daily Express*.

MONEY OF THEIR OWN. By Murray Teigh Bloom. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 302 pp. \$4.50.

NO MATTER what your idea of a counterfeiter may be—whether he's a mean, skulking cheat working

in the dark against society, or a clever rogue challenging the world with his wits—you're in for a shock at the close-up of the types in this revealing and entertaining gallery.

Gathered together in these pages are "respectable" men convinced of their "right" to their peculiar enterprise; an heir to a lost throne who strove to attain it through making phony money; the "patriots" of one country flooding an enemy land in wartime with a half billion dollars in pounds, in fake currency; an American "King of Counterfeiters", who circulated \$15,000,000 in bills of high denomination, and lived to the ripe old age of 98; and a financial genius who made a fortune selling gold sovereigns of his own manufacture at a time when Great Britain couldn't stop or punish him in highest court procedure. These and others in the book seem figments of Baron Munchausen's imagination.

Calling himself a "collector" of counterfeiters, Mr. Bloom has researched long and deep into the careers of remarkable past counterfeiters, and personally interviewed present-day adepts in the game, here and abroad, in jail and out, including the successful Yugoslav gold sovereign-maker, who was found "within the law" in his fraudulent occupation!

Among his curious discoveries was that so far as he could see, both psychologists and psychiatrists appeared to be entirely uninterested in this type of enemy to society. At least, the author went through the indices of *Psychological Abstracts* from 1927 to 1954, covering about 150,000 cases, without coming upon

one reference to counterfeiters or counterfeiting.

Also, the author observed that while governments and courts consider the individual counterfeiter a criminal, a nation may laudably follow his example in wartime, using among other weapons the fabrication and distribution of the foe's money for undermining morale. This "official counterfeiting" has grown in favor since the two World Wars.

Apropos of his findings, by and large, Mr. Bloom asks himself and us if counterfeiting has a future. That may sound flippant, but he is altogether serious, and says, "Yes, counterfeiting does have a future. But here, as elsewhere, the private entrepreneur is being squeezed out. In many countries, I fear, counterfeiting is likely to become nationalized, not merely as a sanctified form of inflation but as a deliberate, illegal reproduction of other nations' currencies. . . . Money bombs might win wars."

THE LAST SECRETS OF THE EARTH.
By Barnard Busson & Gerard Leroy. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 186 pages. \$3.50.

TWO FRENCH journalists discuss the remaining mysteries of the earth in this readable summary of available knowledge about such matters as flying saucers, underground fires and rivers of the earth and reports of unknown animals.

The notion that there should be some completely new and undiscovered species is not illogical in view of the fact that forms of life believed to be long extinct are constantly being discovered. A recent example is the coelacanth, the fossil fish.

If you should have a yen to go exploring, the authors list among the relatively unknown and uncharted areas the Himalaya mountains, Indonesia, and fossil-rich New Zealand, which contains forests which have only been crossed by air planes.

In the Himalayas exists the mystery of the "abominable snowman," which some people theorize may be a cousin of prehistoric man. A photograph of his skull and footprints brought back by the London Daily Mail Expedition are our only clues.

Although this book provides little new information, it brings together pertinent knowledge with objectivity.

—EDITH KERMIT ROOSEVELT

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THE COLLEGE FORUM

EDITOR'S NOTE: *A variety of ideas presents itself to our attention in this month's Forum. The feelings of the contributors all mirror a deep-seated discontent with the status quo. While the sources of the discontent differ, it is interesting to note that no one is advocating a return to the past. It is evident that political, economic and social conditions in the past were not perfect—otherwise we would not have degenerated into our present state of confusion and error. Something was lacking in our awareness. Perhaps some of our future contributors might care to speculate on just what this something was. Perhaps it could be that man changes and conditions change and we have not correctly appraised the changes. In any event the issue would seem to be an appropriate one for today's scholar and tomorrow's leader to consider. Letters are welcome. The right to abridge is reserved. Please use a typewriter. Address The College Forum Editor, AMERICAN MERCURY, 250 W. 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.*

Create New Awareness

Sirs:

Are college students unaware, unconcerned and lethargic? To ask this question of almost any college group is much like inviting a condemned prisoner to call directions to the firing squad which is to carry out his execution. We must, however, execute our own egos; for the answer is "Yes." And we find ourselves asking, "Why are Hungarian, Greek and Algerian students dying and inviting persecution for their stands on major issues while in American schools students are preoccupied with nocturnal raids on girls' dormitories in search of lingerie?"

Perhaps part of the answer lies in a favorite reply to such queries: "Things are different here!" Things *are* different in America—but only in degree. In America, our economic and political problems come to us not as reduced coal and food allotments, but as in-

creased taxes and added subsidies. We are fortunate that this is so, but the shielded nature of our problems has given us an unwarranted sense of security. The great protection our country offers us has caused us to erect around ourselves a structure of complacency.

True, there is a constant bustle which permeates college life, but we have only to look to the ends of this teeming activity to find a very specialized form of dullness. In almost every instance of continued, purposeful enterprise in young American society we find a *thing* to justify it. In the end is found a thing—not a concept, not an inner value, but a thing—a new car, a television set, a rifle, a fur jacket. We have in large part become a society dominated by the desire to gather unto ourselves a wealth of the world's tangible objects. Even our colleges and

universities are pledged to provide a thing: a diploma which will enable the graduate to secure a position which in turn will enable him to amass, via the monthly installment plan, the American standard of living.

Are college students unconcerned and lethargic? It would seem that we are when the question applies to values which do not change yearly with the new models. Being unaware of the effects that national affairs and world situations have on our personal lives, we are, therefore, unconcerned. Complacent in our comparatively luxurious existences, we arise from our lethargy only to add to our material holdings or to replace the old model with a new.

The solution to the problem of lethargy and unconcern in American colleges lies in the creation of a new awareness, and awareness not of pragmatic materialism, but of conditions, situations and relationships, and the bearing that they have on the personal life of every individual on earth today.

CHARLES L. MALLOW
Southeastern State College
Durant, Oklahoma

Sirs:

Will there be any Joe McCarthy's in my generation? This question has been bothering me in the light of some recent developments in this country.

First of all, Communism seems to be a forgotten issue in our changing political climate. We university and college students are told by liberal economics professors that Communism and Socialism are dying issues. These professors have taken up the new communist line on "Civil rights and liberties." Classroom debates on Communism and Socialism have to be kept alive by conservative students.

Another point is that leaders of our country seem to have fallen into a rut favorable to the communists. The Sen-

ate is as responsible as the Supreme Court for the recent decisions favoring traitors. Now, perhaps, more people will understand why the late Senator McCarthy fought confirmation of "red favoring judges."

On June 19, 1957, the lead editorial of the *Daily Worker* said: "The causes for the Supreme Court decisions do not lie principally in the complexities of the law or the make-up of the individual judges. Basically they lie in what is commonly called the changed political climate."

We are being sold down the river by legislators who are thinking only of themselves instead of the future generations which will have to live with the miserable political climate they are creating. We students must change the "changed political climate." We must take up the fight today.

NELSON A. FISHER
University of Houston

We Must Draw a Line

Sirs:

Recently on CBS television, an actor appeared who combined in himself the sanguine, the sinister and the absurd: in short, everything to attract the viewer. His demeanor and his remarks, calculated to clothe the Russian bear in sheep's clothing, had all the skilled and assured evasiveness of the most sinister spy. And though he was absurd only to a few, he was nevertheless absurd. For what he said was just what was needed to alert those whom he had so confidently set out to fool.

This man was Nikita Khrushchev, party boss of International Communism. Here is part of what he said: "The Soviet Union will prevail because it is a younger system, the most healthy system. If you are acquainted with history and know how one social system was changed and another system took its place, you know how the old capitalist system in our country

has been replaced by the socialist system; and I can prophesy that your grandchildren in America will live under Socialism."

Yes, that's correct, he said "Socialism" not "Communism." That was cruel. As any one knows, there are thousands of socialists in the United States. Many of them are ardent anti-communists, who believe that human justice exists and flourishes only under Socialism. And when they work night and day to further their ideals, they do not consider themselves to be working against their country, Khrushchev knows them to be allies.

Yes, Khrushchev knows his America. He knows that principles and ideologies are important to its inner conquest by Socialism, and he knows that the American people do not care enough or know enough to recognize these principles and ideologies as they guide certain events today. He draws a sharp line between Socialism and Capitalism, between Russia and America, between, as he says, winner and loser.

But in so doing he wounds his friends the liberals. For liberalism, by definition, is an expedient hypothesis which draws no lines. Liberalism is not a fighting philosophy, but an evolving, "progressive" one. To fight for something you have to draw a line. Let us hope for the sake of our grandchildren that someone draws a line soon.

CHARLES MAYO
Florida

He Wonders

Sirs:

I sit and I wonder—and I ask myself, "What ever happened to my country? What happened to the inquisitive minds of my fellow students—to the laboring man who wants to work hard and someday be president of the firm—to the teacher who drummed American heritage into her pupils—to the

man willing to work a little harder to make his declining years that much easier to accept?"

A young Communist once boasted that the revolution had come about in America, and that it had been so successful that the people were not aware that it had come—and it had happened in 1933! Was this an idle boast? I reflect on my country's record since that date and I see cause for concern.

I reflect on our educational system—its changes in subject matter and teaching methods. I see where American history is being dropped from the high school's "must" course; many schools across the land no longer have the Pledge to Allegiance; our children are taught that our founding fathers were but rich land owners and manufacturers out to squelch the poor and protect their own class! "And do you students realize that our Constitution was approved by less than three percent of the population?"

Our federal government—once a model for all the world to observe—has now degenerated into a monstrous octopus which is apparently ready to envelop anything which might stand in its way, including business, education, labor and management, communication media and medicine.

America—born of revolution from under oppression—stood idly by from a safe distance shouting names at the murderous Russian government as they slaughtered 60,000 Hungarians whose only fight was for freedom. And a freedom fighter, squirming in the blood of his countrymen and dying from a Russian bullet, remembering the boasts of American power and morals, gasps, sobs, and dies as the Russian tanks roll back into his city.

One of my countrymen, daring to fight with the Hungarians, now fights for the privilege of return home—while William Hinton, a treacherous wretch

who allegedly helped the Communist Chinese brainwash American GIs captured in the Korean war, gets back into America to spread his filth among the farmers of our great Midwest, and the convicted Alger Hiss goes on a fat retirement program, and a Senator is blasphemed for fighting it all, and the Fund For the Republic gives tax-free dollars to a library who apparently won't.

Our young men are forced to be part of an arm under a banner other than our own—our national and state budgets rocket out of all proportion—union dues are raised—prices go skyward—the crime rate soars among our teen-agers—organizations stir up racial prejudice and then add fuel to the fire—churches compete as in an open market (who can build the gaudiest, most modern building?) and fiction depicting poverty, crime, sex and perversion floods the book stands—and my people shout for more rather than stand up to fight!

Then, when I reach the depth of my despair and consider moving to some freer land, a slight gleam of light comes through, and I remember the *Washington Post* complaining that a new generation of "young foggies" is sprouting up on our campuses—that the young college Republicans from the whole Midwest vote overwhelmingly for right-to-work legislation and opposition to federal aid to education—and an organization like the Inter-

collegiate Society of Individualists appears to warn the college students—and the American people flood their legislators with mail demanding a cut in that fantastic 72 billion dollar page—and they pack the gymnasiums and auditoriums to hear men like Herbert A. Philbrick tell them what it was really like—and a few more letters come in to the newspaper asking questions.

Maybe—I hope—America is finally coming out from under the appalling state of mental numbness which has plagued her for too many years, and perhaps apathy is on the run and mental re-vitalization is creeping in. A great America may yet awake to regain her rightful position of the zenith of faith and freedom, liberty and justice for all!

If this is true—and I pray that it might be—let all America join in the march. Let us face our representatives and make them face us; re-open our eyes and re-evaluate what we might be told; fight with open vigor those things which would fight us from under disguised or false colors.

Only if America re-awakens can we forget the ominous warning of Abraham Lincoln who said, "If destruction be our lot, we must ourselves be its author and finisher. As a nation of freemen we must live through all times or die by suicide."

CONALD C. INGELS

Mankato, Minn. State College

From Pope Pius the XI: "The power of concentrated economic domination becomes particularly irresistible when exercised by those, who, because they hold and control money, are able to govern credit and determine its allotment. For that reason by supplying and controlling the life blood of the entire economic body, and grasping as if it were in their hands, they control the very soul of production, so that no one dares breathe against their will."

THE OPEN FORUM

Letters from readers on any subject are welcome—the more independent in thought and expression, the better. The editors hope to acknowledge all of them, either in these columns or by correspondence. The right to abridge is reserved. Please be brief, and please use a typewriter!

Why Pick on Dixie?

Sir: Thank you for your courageous article, "Why Pick on Dixie?," in the July issue. This un-Christian and un-American attitude and action has been going on for some time, and I am very glad to read that someone made it known to the public. This is certainly a courageous magazine and I say God bless you all.

(MRS.) NELL S. MURFREE
Hollywood, Calif.

Sir: I too am so weary of the presentation of the South and its problems (which we'd not have if the truth were told) that it is startling to have one person tell our ways fairly.

MRS. LUMAN MILES BRADFORD
Marshall, Texas

Sir: I was favorably impressed by this very fine article by Harold Lord Varney. His thoughts are very similar to those I have expressed in "The Age of Error," a book which I have written and which has been recently released by Vantage Press.

W. E. MICHAEL
Sweetwater, Tenn.

Sir: Being acquainted with the misrepresented South and some of its problems, I've defended Dixie and contended that for the most part their politicians were a despicable lot. They proved my contention when they

voted solidly for the condemnation of Joe McCarthy. From then on I ceased to defend the South.

I realize that their present situation is part of the Communist "divide and conquer" policy, but for 25 years they've asked for exactly what they are now getting: "A Dose of Their Own Medicine."

PETER SCHAPER
Chicago, Ill.

Sir: I agree whole-heartedly with your article. I'm not a Southerner, but I've met plenty of nice Southern people, and I'm just as sick as *you* are over all this "Hate the South" propaganda on screen, TV, press, etc.

M. D. BALL
Philadelphia, Pa.

Sir: Thank you, thank you, thank you—from the bottom of my heart—for your excellent analysis of the conspiracy against the South. I have despaired of ever seeing these truths in national print—and expressed so well.

As a refugee from the North—who could never again be persuaded to live under those conditions—I have long been aware of the leftist slant in all the media mentioned by you.

(MRS.) L. A. DAVIS
St. Petersburg, Fla.

Sir: The internationalists and "liberals," having already sold the white man short all over the world, are now

determined to break up the last white man's stronghold in this country.

"Racial superiority" is a phrase that enrages the "one world" advocates, but even momentary reflection shows us that if the white man and all his works were removed from the world overnight the only thing left would be isolation, ignorance, and Genghis Khan savagery.

MURRAY M. HOWARD
Atlanta, Ga.

Sir: Mr. Varney is either uninformed or misinformed when he classifies Jonathan Daniels along with men such as James J. Kilpatrick, James F. Byrnes and others listed in his article. The right-thinking and knowing people of the South classify him with Hodding Carter, Lillian Smith and other such distasteful writers.

Mr. Varney makes reference to six million Negro votes in the North. According to the 1950 census, there were 16,000,000 negroes in the U.S., 11,000,000 of which are in the South and border states, thus leaving only 5,000,000 for the rest of the country. It is such false figures that have a tendency to create the belief that the opposition is very strong and it is useless to combat them.

Mr. Varney's article otherwise was very good and we are proud to have someone present these facts to the nation as a whole.

G. L. IVEY
Florence, S. C.

Sir: Varney objects to the North picking on the South. What is the matter with him? Has he a strong Inferiority Complex? If he lets it get too strong it may *upset* his mind, as Prof. Adler said. I thought that was limited to the emotionals who can't forgive the Civil War defeat.

P. C. MEANS
Lt. Col. USA (Ret'd)
Chula Vista, Calif.

Money Made Mysterious

Sir: Most of the information revealed in your series of articles, "Money Made Mysterious," has been known for 40 years. Why, then, have we the people had to wait so long for publication of these facts? It must be concluded that there has not been enough patriotism in Congress to "bell the cat."

R. HUNTER DICKENSON
Kingsport, Tenn.

Sir: "Money Made Mysterious" is a mind-opener. Will the U.S. public wake up before it is too late? My oft-told story of *procrastination* seems to fit this apathetic situation:

A bossy cow was munching in a patch of lush cowslips. Not seeing a bee on her next mouthful, she swallowed both cowslip and bee. This made the bee furious, and while he was deciding just where to sting her he found himself going down her gullet, when he said, "It's so nice and warm here I'll just take a nap, then when I wake up I'll—." *But when he woke up the cow had gone!*

GRIDLEY ADAMS
Weehawken, N. J.

Sir: Mr. Stevens is writing the truth. Many think that the word "reserve" means that banks have reserve over and above their deposits, when in actuality the banks for most part have only one-fifth reserve—they loan four-fifths *ink* and collect interest on it.

For over 4,000 years ancient China had a law that, if there was a bank failure, the banker was beheaded in the public square. Same kind of law would stop the "chaos" of today.

S. R. HOUSE
Indianapolis, Ind.

Sir: Money represents no intrinsic value whatsoever; it is just script; and the time has come, in order to prevent revolutions and wars, that we discard

money and use passport-like identity booklets instead. Naturally converting all resources and means of production and distribution to a government of the People, by the People and for the People.

ALEXANDER B. DAVIES
Hamilton, Canada

Sir: I cannot agree with you on your evaluation of our economic system. Money has taken its proper place in the mind of man as an artifice with no true intrinsic value. It will never again mean what it once did.

Let Russia keep her gold. Let her cling to her medieval ideas of its value. Let's give her ours. We'll go ahead with our uranium, our factories, our chemical plants, our research, our sources of true wealth. We'll use our gold in jewelry, for the treatment of arthritis and as radioactive gold for the treatment of cancer. We'll use our uranium for fission piles. And we'll use our money as a medium of exchange, not as a goal.

WARD ANTHONY, M.D.
Wheat Ridge, Colo.

Sir: Anyone that would condemn those articles is either an intellectual prostitute or an ignoramus.

E. F. LEWIS
Paw Paw, Mich.

Sir: Congratulations! I am glad to see some sign of the "cultural level" rising. Americans interested finally in what Ezra Pound has been speaking about for 40 years: Money! John Adams said: "Distress in America arises, not from defects in Constitution, nor want of honor, but from downright ignorance of the nature of coin, credit, and circulation."

SHERI MARTINELLI
Washington, D. C.

Correction

Sir: May I call your attention to an

error which appears on page 143 of the August issue of your magazine?

Your article lists Mr. Burdick's bill, providing for an investigation of the mental health programs being currently promoted as H.Res.267. This bill died at the expiration of the last session, and when he introduced it on January 31, 1957, it was given the designation of H. Con. Res. 98.

LAURA PAGE KNUDSON
Legislative Assistant to
Usher L. Burdick, M.C.

More About the Druggists

Sir: The article in your June issue by Harold Jacobson smearing druggists as racketeers is as untrue and near libelous as could be printed by any magazine ("The Truth About Prescription Prices.")

I am writing this to inform you that your magazine has been removed from the rack in my store and will never—repeat never—go back thereon until an equally flowery repudiating article is printed.

CHARLES T. RAWLINGS
Rawlings Pharmacy
Dunkirk, Indiana

Sir: My mother has been ill for many months and as we are in difficult financial straits, the cost of medication has been unbearable. At last we became so desperate that we swallowed our pride and went to our doctor to see what he could do. He asked us what our pharmacist was charging for the drugs. We told him and his face could not hide his surprise. He said he would speak to the owner of the Pharmacy. He obviously did, for when we had the prescription refilled the price was one-third of what we had been paying.

(Name withheld)
New York City

My local druggist no longer sells MERCURY. When I asked why, I was

told you had an article that was not fair to the druggists. I had read the article, and immediately knew what he meant. I have had many experiences with varying prescription prices. I think you are right; as it happens I do not believe my druggist is one of the unscrupulous ones but I do know that they do exist and it's about time someone put the finger on the ones who prey on people with troubles. If we didn't have troubles, we wouldn't be going to doctors and druggists.

MRS. ROONEY KUHN
New York City

Sir: The pharmacists whom we represent have authorized us to request that you make available to pharmacy an equal opportunity to answer this scurrilous and unwarranted attack on our honorable profession.

MOE WEISS
Executive Secretary
Consolidated Brooklyn Retail
Pharmacists, Inc.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The AMERICAN MERCURY is currently preparing a symposium of opinions from qualified sources in order to present the Pharmacists' side of the facts about Prescription Prices.*

I.Q. Tests

Sir: I was shocked when I read the article in your June issue, "IQ Tests Mean Nothing," by a Mrs. Shirley Benson. She makes many statements regarding the test which are true, but these are not new nor are they original with her.

The fact that such tests are far from perfect, and that there is cause to doubt that we will ever be able to measure with complete accuracy the true "innate" ability which any one individual possesses are facts that every undergraduate who is planning to

be a teacher discusses and understands in a course called "Educational Tests and Measurements."

An attack on the "IQ Test" might have been justifiable but the final dig which Mrs. Benson includes is not directed at the test itself but at education in general . . . teachers like myself. May I quote Mrs. Benson: "There are many things wrong with our schools. But one of the first things parents can do for the sake of their children is to join in the growing campaign to throw out the IQ."

Very stirring prose, Mrs. Benson, but one would need to have an awfully low IQ to swallow even a word of it.

THOMAS LEWIS
Teacher, Seventh Grade
Los Nietos School Dist.
Whittier, Calif.

Sir: Your article agrees with my opinion of the IQ test I took a short time ago. The thought occurred that if I practiced speed-building in mathematics and increased my vocabulary through studying, I would likely make a higher score on a second test. I was taking a test of achievement or progress. I was not testing my ability to learn, nor was I measuring my capacity for knowledge.

MRS. CLELA I. HINKLE
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sir: I agree wholeheartedly with the observation by Mrs. Benson: "The best that can be said about intelligence tests is that they test achievement."

However, I cannot agree with: "There is no proof that there is such a thing as innate intelligence at all. . . . Intelligence is what you make it."

Intelligence is the ability to understand. Mrs. Benson seems to confuse the ability to understand and the capacity of knowledge. The examples can only be referred to the knowledge

of children and not to their understanding. It seems to me that Mrs. Benson makes the same error as our school system against the principle she wonderfully defends in the rest of her article.

MARK A. MEDAER
Philadelphia, Pa.

A "Flank" Attack

Sir: If things break for me a little bit, I am going to invest in a hundred AMERICAN MERCURY subscriptions. They will go to the home address of each State Senator leader and each State House of Representatives leader.

The idea of sending the subscription to the home address is to have happen to them what regularly happens to me, that is, to have the "little woman" quoting AMERICAN MERCURY. It is the flank attack, with the "little woman" spear-heading the operation. What do you think of this?

ROBERT D. BLUNTZER
Corpus Christi, Texas

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *We think it's great.*)

The Betrayers

Sir: A great deal of foolish sentiment has been lavished on former Communists who have taken the Fifth rather than identify their former associates. Isn't it strange that men who did not scruple to join a Communist conspiracy to betray their country should suddenly suffer such acute qualms of conscience at the thought of "betraying" their co-conspirators?

(Name withheld)
Houston, Texas

Bouquets

MERCURY pleases me more and more

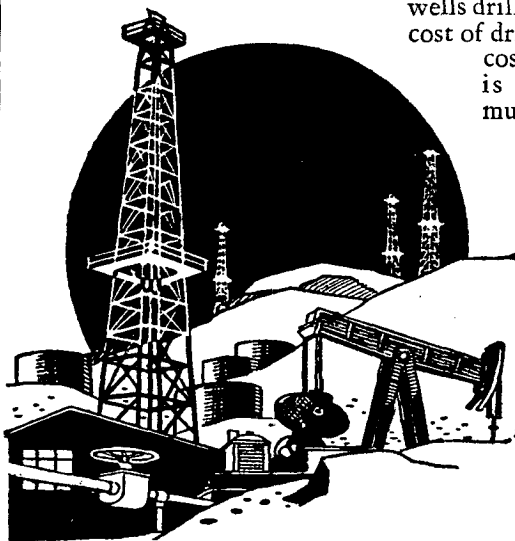
with its straight talk on the evils that confront us. I am telling everyone I talk to to buy it. CAROLINE EVANS, DENVER, COLO. . . . You ought to make a big effort to get your magazine in each and every beauty parlor. Believe me, the heat from the dryer is nothing compared to that generated by articles regarding Washington and the starry-eyed ones. Just reach the women! DOROTHY BLAKELY, PHILADELPHIA, PA. . . . I look forward to each issue and try to keep every one. Mrs. TUTTLE, CHAMPAIGN, ILL. . . . Boy, this issue is a wow! Best one you have published for a long time and no doubt will be kept off the newsstands. Mrs. CHAS. E. JOHNSON, MIDDLEBORO, MASS. . . . Please send me 10 copies of the July issue. It's so good I want to send it to some friends. FLOYD C. HENDRICKSON, M.D., LA MESA, CALIF. . . . All articles you publish sure hit the nail on the head, and give inside information that is the truth. L. P. HART, JOLIET, ILL. . . . It would be difficult for me to get along without it reaching my home every month. REV. HARRY G. KELLOGG, ANN ARBOR, MICH. . . . I wish you all the success in the world for your wonderful, honest articles. JOHN W. CARO, PENSACOLA, FLA. . . . You're doing a top notch job. I pray I never see the day when you lower your standards. KENNETH A. WEAVER, STILLWATER, OKLA. . . . We hope that you will continue this very necessary service to the "American" people in bringing this information to light. ROBERT H. DICKIE, PRISCILLA W. DICKIE, STONEHAM, MASS. . . . Your magazine should be in every American home and printed in foreign languages to be read abroad. DONALD MACKAY, PARAMUS, N. J.

If it is any consolation to you, remember, that the installment collectors also have a hard time keeping up with the Joneses. . . .

We are thankful to be a producer of oil and gas which provide more than half the total U.S. energy today. The oil and gas industry, because of our competitive enterprise system, has been able to discover large reserves of oil and gas, thereby being a big contributor in improving the standards of living in this great country of ours.

This has been done even though, out of every 9 wildcat wells, 8 are dry holes. One out of every 44 wildcat wells finds new oil reserves equivalent to national demand for about 4 hours. And *one* out of 991 has enough new oil to match *more* than a week's consumption. One-fourth of all productive

wells drilled never return the cost of drilling. The average cost of a wildcat well is \$123,000. There must be incentives to encourage these great risks.



It is important to every American citizen that any threats to the oil and gas industry which would endanger the security and defense of our country be disposed of. Presently, this can be done by:

1. Demanding that rights given to the States by our Constitution be returned to them.
2. Insisting that excessive oil imports be limited to 15 days per month, being the same basis as domestic oil producers are permitted.
3. Continuing depletion allowance.

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Are We Worthy of America?

By Betty Knowles Hunt

MY ARGUMENT against Socialism is that America already has the best economic and political system yet devised, and that this is proven by her glorious record—and not in a paper blueprint. America did not become the breadbasket, the factory, the bank and the hope of the world by following the wrong systems or believing in the wrong principles.

American capitalism has never failed; only some of our human capitalists have failed. Whenever a free-enterpriser achieves his own goal, and then attempts to shut the door of opportunity behind him, or to choke off the free play of competition around him, then he has cheated his own system.

Whenever individuals or groups in America use political power to gain advantage at the expense of others, then such persons or groups are undermining the structure of our Republic, and the results will be evil.

Whenever an American acquires wealth or power—and then fails to be a good and honest steward of these benefits—then he not only denies the principles of America, he denies the principles of Christianity.

The only answer is for all of us to educate ourselves to the responsibilities as well as to the benefits of freedom. Perhaps as a people, we are not morally strong enough to be free. If that is so then we shall certainly lose our freedom, and it will not matter much what “ism” supplants Americanism. But this will not prove that our free way of life was not the best way. It will only prove that we were not worthy of it.